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THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

SAID the Child to the youthful Year:

“What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?”

“My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

“All these and more shall be thine,
Dear Child,—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

“Wouldst know this last, best gift?
’T is a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

“Truth, patience, courage, and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
O Child, and crown thee a King!”

DAVY AND THE GOBLIN;

OR, WHAT FOLLOWED READING "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.



"VENISON IS DEER, IS N'T IT?" SAID DAVY, LOOKING UP AT THE SIGN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOVING FOREST.

"OH, dear!" cried Davy, speaking aloud in his distress, "I do wish people and things would n't change about so! Just so soon as ever I get to a place, it goes away, and I'm somewhere else!" And the little boy's heart began to beat rapidly as he looked about him; for the wood was very dark and solemn and still.

Presently the trees and bushes directly before him moved silently apart and showed a broad path beautifully overgrown with soft turf; and as he stepped forward upon it, the trees and bushes beyond moved silently aside in their turn, and the path grew before him, as he walked along, like a green carpet slowly unrolling itself through

the wood. It made him a little uneasy at first to find that the trees behind him came together again, quietly blotting out the path,—but then he thought:

"It really does n't matter so long as I don't want to go back." and so he walked along very contentedly.

By and by, the path seemed to give itself a shake, and, turning abruptly around a large tree, brought Davy suddenly upon a little butcher's shop, snugly buried in the wood. There was a sign on the shop, reading, "ROBIN HOOD: VENISON," and Robin himself, wearing a clean white apron over his suit of Lincoln green, stood in the door-way, holding a knife and steel as though he were on the lookout for customers. As he caught sight of Davy, he said, "Steaks? Chops?" in an inquiring way, quite like an every-day butcher.

"Venison is deer, is n't it?" said Davy, looking up at the sign.

"Not at all," said Robin Hood, promptly. "It's the cheapest meat about here."

"Oh, I did n't mean that," replied Davy; "I meant that it comes off of a deer."

"Wrong again!" said Robin Hood, triumphantly. "It comes *on* a deer. I cut it off myself. Steaks? Chops?"

"No, I thank you," said Davy, giving up the argument. "I don't think I want anything to eat just now."

"Then what did you come here for?" said Robin Hood, peevishly. "What 's the good, I'd like to know, of standing around and staring at an honest tradesman?"

"Well, you see," said Davy, beginning to feel frightened, "I did n't know you were this sort of person at all. I always thought you were an archer, like—like William Tell, you know."

"That 's all a mistake about Tell," said Robin Hood, contemptuously. "*He* was n't an archer. He was a cross-bow man,—the crosslest one that ever lived. By the way, you don't happen to want any steaks or chops to-day, do you?"

"No, not to-day, thank you," said Davy, very politely.

"To-morrow?" inquired Robin Hood.

"No, I thank you," said Davy again.

"Will you want any yesterday?" inquired Robin Hood, rather doubtfully.

"I think not," said Davy, beginning to laugh.

Robin Hood stared at him for a moment with a puzzled expression, and then walked into his little shop and Davy turned away. As he did so, the path behind him began to unfold itself through the wood, and looking back over his shoulder, he saw the little shop swallowed up by the trees and bushes. Just as it disappeared from view, he caught a glimpse of a charming little girl peeping out of a latticed window beside the door. She wore a little red hood and looked wistfully after Davy as the shop went out of sight.

"I verily believe that was Little Red Riding Hood," said Davy to himself, "and I never knew before that Robin Hood was her father!" The thought of Red Riding Hood, however, brought the wolf to Davy's mind, and he began to anxiously watch the thickets on either side of the path, and even went so far as to whistle softly to himself, by way of showing that he was n't in the least afraid. He went on and on, hoping the forest would soon come to an end, until the path shook itself, again disclosing to view a trim little brick shop in the densest part of the thicket. It had a neat little green door, with a bright brass knocker upon it, and a sign above it, bearing the words,

"SHAM-SHAM: BARGAINS IN WATCHES."

"Well!" exclaimed Davy in amazement. "Of all places to sell watches in, that 's the preposterest!" But as he turned to walk away, he found the trees and bushes for the first time blocking his way, and refusing to move aside. This distressed him very much, until it suddenly occurred to him that this must mean that he was to go into the shop; and after a moment's hesitation he went up and knocked timidly at the door with the bright brass knocker. There was no response to the knock, and Davy cautiously pushed open the door and went in.

The place was so dark that at first he could see nothing, although he heard a rattling sound coming from the back part of the shop, but presently he discovered the figure of an old man, busily mixing something in a large iron pot. As Davy approached him, he saw that the pot was full of watches, which the old man was stirring about with a ladle. The old creature was very curiously dressed in a suit of rusty green velvet, with little silver buttons sewed over it, and he wore a pair of enormous yellow-leather boots; and Davy was quite alarmed at seeing that a broad leathern belt about his waist was stuck full of old-fashioned knives and pistols. Davy was about to retreat quickly from the shop, when the old man looked up and said, in a peevish voice:

"How many watches do you want?" and Davy saw that he was a very shocking-looking person, with wild, staring eyes, and with a skin as dark as mahogany, as if he had been soaked in something for ever so long.

"How many?" repeated the old man impatiently.

"If you please," said Davy, "I don't think I'll take any watches to-day. I'll call —"

"Drat 'em!" interrupted the old man, angrily beating the watches with his ladle, "I'll never get rid of 'em—never!"

"It seems to me —" began Davy, soothingly.

"Of course it does!" again interrupted the old man as crossly as before. "Of course it does! That 's because you wont listen to the why of it."

"But I *will* listen," said Davy.

"Then sit down on the floor and hold up your ears," said the old man.

Davy did as he was told to do, so far as sitting down on the floor was concerned, and the old man pulled a paper out of one of his boots, and glaring at Davy over the top of it, said angrily:

"You're a pretty spectacle! I'm another. What does that make?"

"A pair of spectacles, I suppose," said Davy.

"Right!" said the old man. "Here they are."



"HOW MANY WATCHES DO YOU WANT?" SAID SHAM-SHAM, IN A PEEVISH VOICE.

And pulling an enormous pair of spectacles out of the other boot he put them on, and began reading aloud from his paper :

*"My recollectest thoughts are those
Which I remember yet ;
And bearing on, as you 'd suppose,
The things I don't forget.*

*"But my resembllest thoughts are less
Alike than they should be ;
A state of things, as you'll confess,
You very seldom see."*

"Clever, is n't it?" said the old man, peeping proudly over the top of the paper.

"Yes, I think it is," said Davy, rather doubtfully.

"Now comes the cream of the whole thing," said the old man. "Just listen to this :

*"And yet the mostest thought I love
Is what no one believes—"*

Here the old man hastily crammed the paper into his boot again, and stared solemnly at Davy.

"What is it?" said Davy, after waiting a moment for him to complete the verse. The old man glanced suspiciously about the shop, and then added, in a hoarse whisper :

*"That I'm the sole survivor of
The famous Forty Thieves!"*

"But I thought the Forty Thieves were all boiled to death," said Davy.

"All but me," said the old man, decidedly. "I was in the last jar, and when they came to me the oil was off the boil, or the boil was off the oil,—I forget which it was,—but it ruined my digestion and made me look like a ginger-bread man. What larks we used to have!" he continued, rocking himself back and forth and chuckling hoarsely. "Oh! we were a precious lot, we were! I'm Sham-Sham, you know. Then there was Anamanamona Mike—he was an Irishman from Hullaboo—and Barcelona Boner—he was a Spanish chap, and boned everything he could lay his hands on. Strike's real name was Gobang; but we called him Strike, because he was always asking for more pay. Hare Ware was a poacher, and used to catch Welsh rabbits in a trap; we called him "Hardware" because

he had so much *steal* about him. Good joke, was n't it?"

"Oh, very!" said Davy, laughing.

"Frown Whack was a scowling fellow with a club," continued Sham-Sham. "My! how he could hit! And Harico and Barico were a couple of bad Society Islanders. Then there was Wee Wo; he was a little Chinese chap, and we used to send him down the chimneys to open front doors for us. He used to say that sooted him to perfection. Wac——"

At this moment an extraordinary commotion began among the watches. There was no doubt about it, the pot was boiling. And Sham-Sham, angrily crying out "Don't tell *me* a watched pot never boils!" sprang to his feet, and pulling a pair of pistols from his belt, began firing at the watches, which were now bubbling over the side of the pot

he did not hesitate, but ran along the passage at the top of his speed.

Presently he came in sight of a figure hurrying toward him with a lighted candle, and as it approached he was perfectly astounded to see that it was Sham-Sham himself, dressed up in a neat calico frock and a dimity apron like a housekeeper, and with a bunch of keys hanging at his girdle. The old man seemed to be greatly agitated, and hurriedly whispering, "We thought you were *never* coming, sir!" led the way through the passage in great haste. Davy noticed that they were now in a sort of tunnel made of fine grass. The grass had a delightful fragrance, like new-mown hay, and was neatly wound around the tunnel like the inside of a bird's nest. The next moment they came out into an open space in the forest, where, to Davy's amazement, the



"SHAM-SHAM, EXCLAIMING 'DON'T TELL ME A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS!' BEGAN FIRING AT THE WATCHES."

and rolling about the floor; while Davy, who had had quite enough of Sham-Sham by this time, ran out of the door.

To his great surprise, he found himself in a sort of under-ground passage lighted by grated openings overhead; but as he could still hear Sham-Sham, who now seemed to be firing all his pistols at once,

Cockalorum was sitting bolt upright in an arm-chair, with its head wrapped up in flannel.

It seemed to be night, but the place was lighted up by a large chandelier that hung from the branches of a tree, and Davy saw that a number of odd-looking birds were roosting on the chandelier among the lights, gazing down upon the poor

Cockalorum with a melancholy interest. As Sham-Sham made his appearance with Davy at his heels, there was a sudden commotion among the birds, and they all cried out together, "Here 's the doctor!" Before Davy could reply, the Hole-keeper

"postmen are always so dreadfully busy. Would you mind delivering a letter for me?" he added, lowering his voice confidentially.

"Oh, no," answered Davy, rather reluctantly; "not if it will be in my way."

"It 's sure to be in your way because it's so big," said the Hole-keeper; and taking the letter out of his pocket, he handed it to Davy. It certainly was a very large letter, curiously folded like a dinner-napkin and sealed in a great many places with red and white peppermint drops; and Davy was much pleased to see that it was addressed:

*Captain Robinson Crusoe,
Jeran Feranderperandamam,
B. G.*

"What does B. G. stand for?" said Davy.

"Baldergong's Geography, of course," said the Hole-keeper.

"But why do you put *that* on the letter?" inquired Davy.

"Because you can't find Jeran Feranderperandamam anywhere else, stupid," said the Hole-keeper, impatiently. "But I can't stop to argue about it now," and saying this, he turned into a side path, and disappeared in the wood.

As Davy walked mournfully along, turning the big letter over and over in his hands, and feeling very confused by the Hole-keeper's

last remark, he presently saw, lying on the walk before him, a small book beautifully bound in crimson morocco, and picking it up, he saw that it was marked on the cover:

BALDERGONG'S STUFFING FOR THE STUPID.

"Perhaps this will tell me where to go," he thought as he opened it; but it proved to be far more confusing than the Hole-keeper himself had been. The first page was headed "How to frill griddlepigs"; the second page, "Two ways of frumpling crumbles"; the third page, "The best snub for feastie spralls"; and so on, until Davy felt as if he were taking leave of his senses. He was just about to throw the book down in disgust, when it was suddenly snatched out of his hands; and turning hastily, he saw a savage glaring at him from the bushes.

Now Davy knew perfectly well, as all little boys should know, that when you meet a savage in the



THE COCKALORUM IS ILL.

suddenly made his appearance with his great book, and hurriedly turning over the leaves, said, pointing to Davy, "*He* is n't a doctor. His name is Gloopitch." At these words, there arose a long, wailing cry, the lights disappeared, and Davy found himself on a broad path in the forest with the Hole-keeper walking quietly beside him.

CHAPTER VII.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR'S HOUSE.

"You had no right to tell those birds my name was Gloopitch!" said Davy, angrily. "That 's the second time you've got it wrong."

"Well, it's of no consequence," said the Hole-keeper, complacently. "I'll make it something else the next time. By the way, you're not the postman, are you?"

"Of course I'm not," said Davy.

"I'm glad of that," said the Hole-keeper;

woods you must get behind a tree as quickly as possible; but he did this in such haste that he found to his dismay that he and the savage had chosen the same tree, and in the next instant the savage was after him. The tree was a very large one, and Davy in his fright went around it a number of times so rapidly that he presently caught sight of the back of the savage, and he was surprised to see that he was no bigger than a large monkey; and moreover, that he was gorgeously dressed in a beautiful blue coat, with brass buttons on the tail of it, and pink striped trousers. Davy had hardly made this discovery, when the savage suddenly disappeared through a door in a high paling of logs that began at the tree and extended in a straight line far out into the forest.

It was very puzzling to Davy when it occurred to him that, although he had been around the tree at least a dozen times, he had never seen this paling before. The door through which the savage had disappeared also bothered him; for, though it was quite an ordinary-looking door, it had no knob nor latch, nor indeed any way of being opened that he could perceive. On one side of it, in the paling, was a row of bell-pulls, marked:

*Family.
Butcher.
Baker.
Police.
Candlestick-
maker.*

and on the door itself was a large knocker, marked:

Postman.

After examining all these, Davy decided that, as he had a letter in charge, he was more of a postman than anything else, and he therefore raised the knocker and rapped loudly. Immediately all the bell-pulls began flying in and out of their own accord, with a deafening clangor of bells behind the paling; and then the door swung slowly back upon its hinges.

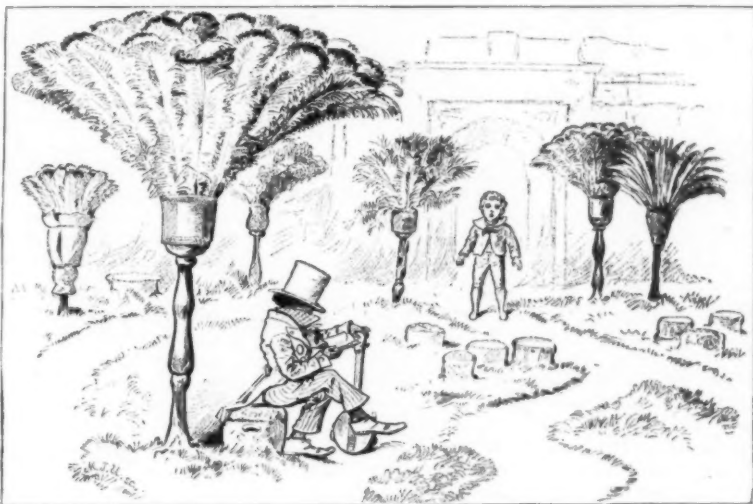
Davy walked through the door-way and found himself in the oddest-looking little country place

that could possibly be imagined. There was a little lawn laid out on which a sort of soft fur was growing instead of grass, and here and there about the lawn, in the place of flower-beds, little foot-stools, neatly covered with carpet, were growing out of the fur. The trees were simply large feather-dusters; but they seemed, nevertheless, to be growing in a very thriving manner. And on a little mound at the back of the lawn, stood a small house built entirely of big conch-shells with their pink mouths turned outward. This gave the house a very cheerful appearance, as if it were constantly on a broad grin.

The savage was sitting in the shade of one of the dusters, complacently reading the little red book; and as Davy approached, he saw, to his astonishment, that he was the Goblin dressed up like an Ethiopian serenader.

"Oh! you dear, delicious old Goblin!" cried Davy, in an ecstasy of joy at again finding his traveling-companion. "And were you the savage that was chasing me just now?"

The Goblin nodded his head, and exclaiming,



"THE SAVAGE WAS SITTING IN THE SHADE OF ONE OF THE DUSTERS."

"My, how you did cut and run!" rolled over and over, kicking his heels about in a delirium of enjoyment.

"Goblin," said Davy, gravely, "I think we can have just as good a time without any such doings as that. And now tell me what place this is."

"Sindbad the Sailor's house," said the Goblin, sitting up again.

"Really and truly?" said the delighted Davy.

"Really and treally truly," said the Goblin.
 "And here he comes now!"

Davy looked around and saw an old man coming

"All right," said Sindbad, "I'll give you a nautical one."

Here he rose for a moment, hitched up his big



"HE PLAYED HOP-SCOTCH WITH THE STARBOARD WATCH."

toward them across the lawn. He was dressed in a Turkish costume, and wore a large turban and red morocco slippers turned up at the toes like skates; and his white beard was so long that at every fourth step he trod upon it, and fell forward to the ground. He took no notice whatever of either Davy or the Goblin, and after falling down a number of times, took his seat upon one of the little carpet foot-stools. Taking off his turban, he began stirring about in it with a large wooden spoon. As he took off his turban, Davy saw that his head, which was perfectly bald, was neatly laid out in black and white squares like a chess-board.

"He's the most absent-minded story-teller that ever was born," said the Goblin, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at Sindbad.

As Davy and the Goblin sat down beside him, Sindbad hastily put on his turban, and after scowling at Davy for a moment, said to the Goblin, "It's no use telling him anything; he's as deaf as a trunk."

"Then tell it to me," said the Goblin, with great presence of mind.

trousers like a sailor, cocked his turban on one side of his head, and sitting down again, began:

*"A capital ship for an ocean trip,
 Was 'The Walloping Window-blind';
 No gale that blew dismayed her crew
 Or troubled the captain's mind.
 The man at the wheel was taught to feel
 Contempt for the wildest blow,
 And it often appeared, when the weather had
 cleared,
 That he'd been in his bunk below."*

*"The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
 Yet fond of amusement, too;
 And he played hop-scotch with the starboard
 watch,
 While the captain tickled the crew.
 And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
 For he sat on the after-rail,
 And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
 In the teeth of the booming gale."*

*"The captain sat in a commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread each day.
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns
Prepared with sugar and glue.*

*"All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpoo smiles,
And the Rumbletumbunders roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the cinnamon-bats wore water-proof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.*

*"On rubgub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk,—when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torridly zone.
She was stubby and square, but we did n't much
care,
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubgub-tree."*

Here Sindbad stopped, and gazed solemnly at Davy and the Goblin.

"If you please, sir," said Davy, respectfully, "what is gummery bread?"

"It's bread stuffed with molasses," said Sindbad; "but I never saw it anywhere, except aboard of 'The Prodigal Pig.'"

"But," said Davy, in great surprise, "you said the name of your ship was —"

"So I did, and so it was," interrupted Sindbad, testily. "The name of a ship sticks to it like wax to a wig. You *can't* change it."

"Who gave it that name?" said the Goblin.

"What name?" said Sindbad, looking very much astonished.

"Why, 'The Canterton Soup-tureen,'" said the Goblin, winking at Davy.

"Oh, *that* name!" said Sindbad; "that was given to her when — But speaking of soup-tureens — let's go and have some pie;" and rising to his feet, he gave one hand to Davy and the other to the Goblin, and they all walked off in a row toward the little shell house. This, however, proved to be a very troublesome arrangement, for

Sindbad was constantly stepping on his long beard and falling down; and as he kept a firm hold of his companions' hands, they all went down in a heap together a great many times. At last Sindbad's turban fell off, and as he sat up on the grass and began stirring in it again with his wooden spoon, Davy saw that it was full of broken chess-men.

"It's a great improvement, is n't it?" said Sindbad.

"What is?" said Davy, very much puzzled.

"Why, this way of playing the game," said Sindbad, looking up at him complacently. "You see, you make all the moves at once."

"It must be a very easy way," said Davy.

"It's nothing of the sort," said Sindbad, sharply.

"There are more moves in one of my games than in twenty ordinary games;" and here he stirred up the chess-men furiously for a moment, and then, triumphantly calling out "Check!" clapped the turban on his head.

As they set out again for the little house, Davy saw that it was slowly moving around the edge of the lawn, as if it were on a circular railway, and Sindbad followed it around, dragging Davy and the Goblin with him, but never getting any nearer to the house.

"Don't you think," said Davy, after a while,



"HE GAVE ONE HAND TO DAVY AND THE OTHER TO THE GOBLIN."

"that it would be a good plan to stand still and wait until the house came around to us?"

"Here, drop that!" exclaimed Sindbad, excitedly, "that's my idea. I was just about proposing it myself."

"So was I," said the Goblin to Sindbad. "Just leave my ideas alone, will you?"

"Your ideas!" retorted Sindbad, scornfully. "I did n't know you'd brought any with you."

"I had to," replied the Goblin, with great contempt, "otherwise there would n't have been any on the premises."

"Oh! come, I say!" cried Sindbad, "that's my sneer, you know. Don't go to putting the point of it the wrong way."

"Take it back, if it's the only one you have," retorted the Goblin, with another wink at Davy.

and two Periodicals and a Spotted Disaster, all crawlin' and creepin' and screechin'——"

Here Davy, unable to control himself, burst into a fit of laughter, in which the Roc joined heartily, rolling her head from side to side and repeating "All crawlin' and creepin' and screechin'" over and over again, as if that were the cream of the joke. Suddenly she stopped laughing and said in

a low voice, "You don't happen to have a beefsteak about you, do you?"

Davy confessed that he had not, and the Roc continued, "Then I must go back. Just hold my basket, like a good child." Here there was a scuffling sound in the basket and the Roc rapped on the cover with her hard beak and cried, "Hush!"

"What's in it?"



"Thank you, I believe I will," replied Sindbad, meekly; and as the little house came along just then, they all stepped in at the door as it went by. As they did so, to Davy's amazement Sindbad and the Goblin quietly vanished, and Davy, instead of being inside the house, found himself standing in a dusty road, quite alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAY-OVERS FOR MEDDLERS.

AS DAVY stood in the road, in doubt which way to go, a Roc came around the corner of the house. She was a large bird, nearly six feet tall, and was comfortably dressed in a bonnet and a plaid shawl, and wore overshoes. About her neck was hung a covered basket and a door-key, and Davy at once concluded that she was Sindbad's housekeeper.

"I did n't mean to keep you waiting," said the Roc, leading the way along the road; "but I declare that, what with combing that lawn every morning with a fine-tooth comb, and brushing those shells every evening with a fine tooth-brush, I don't get time for anything else, let alone feeding the animals."

"What animals?" said Davy, beginning to be interested.

"Why, *his*, of course," said the Roc, rattling on in her harsh voice. "There's an Emphasis

said Davy, cautiously taking the basket.

"Lay-overs for meddlers," said the Roc, and hurrying back along the road, was soon out of sight.

"I wonder what they're like," said Davy to himself, getting down upon his hands and knees and listening curiously with his ear against the cover of the basket. The scuffling sound continued, mingled with little sneezes and squeaking sobs as if some very small kittens had bad colds and were crying about it.

"I think I'll take a peep," said Davy, looking cautiously about him. There was no one in sight, and he carefully raised the cover a little way and tried to look in. The scuffling sound and the sobs ceased, and the next instant the cover flew off the basket and out poured a swarm of little brown creatures like snuff-boxes with legs. As they scampered off in all directions, Davy made a frantic grab at one of them, when it instantly turned over on its back and blew a puff of smoke into his face, and he rolled over in the road almost stifled. When he was able to sit up again and look about him, the empty basket was lying on its side near him, and not a lay-over was to be seen. At that moment, the Roc came in sight, hurrying along the road with her shawl and her bonnet-strings fluttering behind her; and Davy, clapping the cover on the basket, took to his heels and ran for dear life.

(To be continued.)

FOR BASS-WOOD CHAPS.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

THE boy that likes spring or summer or fall
Better than old King Winter
Is a sort of a bass-wood splinter —
Soft stuff; in fact, he's no boy at all.

Away from the stove, and look out there!
Did ever you see a picture so fair?
King Winter, from mountain to plain
Not a beggar in all his train.
The poky old pump,
The ugliest stump;
One is in ermine from chips to chin,
The other—no lamb can begin
To look so warm and soft and full,
Though up to its eyes in wrinkles of wool.
See old Dame Post with her night-cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap on!
Crabbed old Bachelor Hedge—
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And scraggy old Gran'sir Tree,
Shabby as shabby could be,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm!

Summer? Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her dainty dear-dears in loveliness;
But Winter—The great and small,
Angelic and ugly, all

He tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

Who is afraid he'll be bit to death
By a monster that bites with nothing but breath?
There's more real manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee:
Never were merrier creatures than they
When summer is hundreds of miles away.
Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter
Knows not the first thing about winter.
A fig for your summer boys,
They're no whit better than toys.
Give me the chap that will off to town
When the wind is driving the chimney down,
When the bare trees bend and roar
Like breakers on the shore.
Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees,—
Yes, in clear up to his ears, if you please,
Ruddy and ready, plucky and strong,
Pulling his little duck legs along;
The road is full, but he's bound to go through it,
He has business on hand, and is round to do it.
As yonder you see him, breaking paths for the
sleighs,
So he'll be on the lead to the end of his days:
One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,
No bass-wood there, but good hard hickory!

SKATERS' SONG.

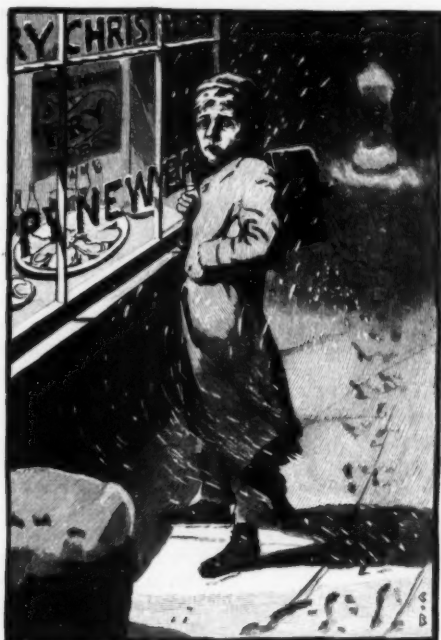
BY C. ALEXANDER NELSON.

BUCKLE the steel
Firm to the heel,
For a merry bout and a mazy reel;
The glassy ice
We'll mark in a trice
With many a quaint and strange device.

Our fire burns bright,
And its ruddy light
Glows far through the starry, wintry night;
We'll whirl and wheel
On ringing steel,
While our pulses quicken and voices peal.

With shout and song,
A joyous throng,
We'll wake the echoes loud and long,
Till the moon's pale beam
O'er the hill-top gleam,
And warn us home to rest and dream.

Chorus.—For naught care we,
From cares set free,
Though chill blow the wind o'er the icy lea;
And in sleep we shout,
As we toss about,
That merry, merry skaters are we!



"'TAKE HOME A FRY IN A BOX,' EH? I WISH A FELLOW *could!*'"

STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*—FIFTEENTH PAPER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

SPANISH PAINTING.

THE Spanish school of painting dates about two hundred and fifty years later than the Italian, and one hundred years later than the Flemish school. Thus the Spanish school had its birth just when the Italian school was in its best strength and beauty, and the earliest Spanish painters profited by the study of what had already been done in Italy. As soon as an interest in painting had been awakened in Spain, the Spanish monarchs invited Italian painters to their courts; they also purchased splendid pictures from artists who never went to Spain, and many of these works could be seen and studied by Spanish painters, who thus had some of the finest masterpieces of the world always before their eyes.

Then, too, many Spanish students went to Italy to study, and this constant coming of Italians and going of Spaniards—most of whom returned to

practice in Spain the art which they had learned far away beyond the Pyrenees and Alps—resulted in the foundation and establishment of the Spanish School of Painting. The chief centers of this school were Toledo, Seville, Valencia, and Madrid; and after Philip II. made Madrid the capital of Spain, its school of art increased in importance, until, in the time of Philip IV., this city was the metropolis of Spanish art.

Though it is not strictly a part of my subject, I shall tell you something of the magnificent riches of the Gallery of Madrid, which is conceded to be the finest collection of pictures in the world. Of foreign pictures it has forty-three by Titian, ten by Raphael, twenty-five by Paul Veronese, thirty-four by Tintoretto, sixty-four by Rubens, a fine collection by Vandyck, while of Teniers this gallery has sixty finished works. Of the Spanish painters, the gallery contains sixty-five by Velasquez, forty-six by Murillo, and fifty-eight by Ribera.

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When one thinks of all this, it is natural to wonder how such treasures were ever brought together in Spain. The explanation of it is that the great Emperor Charles V. was at the height of his power and wealth just when the painting of Italy had reached its best estate. He ruled over Spain, the Netherlands, Milan, Naples, and Sicily. These countries embraced a large part of the territory of Europe in which art had attained perfection, and the vast riches at his command gave him the power to be the patron of the art of all nations.

Charles V. was the personal friend of Titian and was the possessor of some of the most glorious works of that master; he also purchased many masterpieces of the best Flemish and Italian painters, and thus made the beginning of the splendid museum. To this, Philip II. and other sovereigns added still other foreign works, while many of the best pictures of the Spanish painters were also placed there. The museum now contains many works which were formerly distributed in palaces and convents, and were thus almost lost to the world, since they were only seen by the few who were admitted to these places. Ferdinand VII., however, removed many of those which had adorned the palaces and placed them in the museum, and when the riches of the monasteries were also added to it, this gallery became almost too magnificent for description.

The religious element, as was natural in the days when the Church was all-powerful, was most prominent in Spanish art in the days of Charles V. and his successors. With the exception of portraits, there were few pictures of importance that had not a religious meaning.

Spanish painting reached its meridian in the seventeenth century. The most interesting Spanish artists, about twelve in number, all died between the years 1586 and 1682, and after that time no great painter arose to replace those who had gone, or to add new luster to the Spanish school.

LUIS DE MORALES

was one of the earliest of this twelve. He was born in Badajoz* in 1509 and died in 1586. He was the first Spanish painter who acquired a reputation outside of his own country. His subjects were all religious and he was called "*El Divino*," or "the divine," on account of the devotional element in his works. He painted on panels and finished his pictures with great care. His works are not numerous in Spain, and but few of them are seen elsewhere. There are good specimens in the Louvre, in the Dresden Gallery, and at the Her-

mitage, in St. Petersburg. He belonged to the Castilian school and studied at Toledo.

When Morales was fifty-five years old, Philip II. invited him to court. When he appeared before the king, he wore so magnificent a costume that Philip was angry, and ordered a sum of money to be paid the artist and a dismissal to be sent him at the same time. This was a dreadful blow to Morales, and when he explained that he had spent nearly all that he had in order to appear before his sovereign in a dress which befitted the dignity of the king, he was pardoned, and commissioned to paint one picture. This, however, was not hung in the Escorial,† which so mortified Morales that he forsook his art and fell into great poverty.

In 1581, Philip visited Badajoz and saw Morales in a very different dress from that which he had worn at court.

"Morales, you are very old," said the king.

"Yes, sire, and very poor," replied the painter.

Philip then commanded that two hundred ducats of the crown rents of Badajoz should be given each year to the painter to supply him with dinners. Hearing this, Morales exclaimed:

"And for supper, sire?"

This aptness so pleased the king that he added one hundred ducats to the pension and these sums gave Morales comfort for the rest of his days. The street in Badajoz in which he lived still bears his name.

JOSÉ DE RIBERA,

also called Lo Spagnoletto, was born at Xativa in 1588 and died in Naples in 1656. Though he lived many years in Italy, his name and rank are important among the painters of Spain. I told you something of him and his life in Naples, in the paper on Italian painters. Perhaps you will remember the kindness of a cardinal to him when he was a boy in Rome, and his decision that he needed the spur of poverty to make him a good artist.

He seems, however, to have thought differently about this in later years, for when a rich picture-dealer in Naples offered Ribera his daughter in marriage, the painter accepted her; but he was an industrious artist, though he lived in princely style. Most of Ribera's subjects were painful, and he painted them so naturally that they are often revolting in their representation of horrible suffering, though their great merits show him to have been a very gifted painter. It is pleasant to add that he sometimes painted pictures of a different sort. One of these is in the Madrid Gallery, and represents the "Dream of Jacob." It has all the strength of his other works, and at the same time a

* Pronounced *Bad-a-hos*.

† A famous Spanish palace, about twenty-four miles from Madrid, built by Philip II.

sweetness of sentiment and a tenderness in its handling which prove that Ribera had a better side in his nature. He has represented Jacob stretched on an open plain, sleeping profoundly; on one side a stream of cloudy, golden brightness extends from earth to heaven, and in this are angels ascending and descending.

Many portraits and other pictures by Ribera are seen in the galleries of Europe. His "Descent from the Cross," which is considered his finest work, is in the church of San Martino, in Naples. Of the large number of his pictures in the Madrid Gallery, many are single heads of saints and apostles on small canvases.

VELASQUEZ.

THIS master is generally called the greatest painter of Spain. His full name is Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. He was born in Seville in 1599,—the same year in which Vandyck was born in Antwerp,—and he died in Madrid in 1660; thus his work belongs to the seventeenth century. His parents were of noble blood; his father was of the Portuguese family of De Silva, and a lawyer in Seville; his mother, Geronima Velasquez,—by whose name the artist is known, according to the custom of Andalusia,—was an accomplished woman, and devoted herself to the education of her son. Although he had a quick mind and could learn easily, he was so fond of drawing that he was unwilling to study other things, and when still very young he was placed in the school of Herrera the Elder. This painter has been called "a clever brute," and Velasquez soon tired of him; but, meantime, he had acquired a free, bold style of drawing. His second master was Francesco Pacheco, who never became great as a painter, but was a refined and polished gentleman and a writer of some reputation.

Velasquez soon discovered that no master could make him the artist that he desired to be. He determined to devote himself to the study of nature alone; and working thus, with untiring industry, he became one of the great masters of the world. Until he was twenty-three years old, he devoted himself to representing the low and common life of the streets; he painted what he saw just as he saw it, in form, color, and every particular. He is said to have kept a peasant lad as a model, and from him he painted a variety of heads in all sorts of positions and with every possible expression. To this early period belong several pictures of beggar boys which are well known, and the important "Water-carrier of Seville," which is now at Apsley House; also, the "Adoration of the Shepherds," which is in the National Gallery in London.

In 1622 Velasquez went to Madrid for the first time, and there saw the pictures of the Royal Galleries, of which he had heard much from the visitors to the studio of Pacheco. He carried with him letters which enabled him to see the works of art in the capital, but he was not brought to the notice of the king. While in Madrid he painted the portrait of the poet Gongora, and secured the friendship of Fonseca, who was a patron of art, and who later interested the minister Olivarez in the young painter of Seville. As the result of all this, Velasquez was soon summoned to the court, and a purse of fifty ducats was sent him to cover the expenses of his journey.

Meantime, he had married the daughter of Pacheco, and when he went to Madrid he was accompanied by his wife, his father-in-law, and his mulatto slave, Juan Pareja, who later became an excellent painter. The first picture painted by Velasquez, after his second arrival at Madrid, was a portrait of Fonseca; this was shown to the king, who was so well pleased with it that he immediately appointed the artist his court-painter, which position Velasquez held as long as he lived.

The service of Philip IV. perfected Velasquez as a portrait-painter. The king was never weary of sitting for his own portrait; and those of his queen and his children, in groups and in single pictures, were repeated again and again. Velasquez was always prosperous; he grew in favor with the king, who afforded him every possible opportunity for improvement and enjoyment. Philip made himself his familiar friend, and was accustomed to visit his studio with as little ceremony as one gentleman uses with another who is his equal in rank. He would permit no other artist to paint his portrait, and lost no opportunity to show his regard for his favorite painter. He was in the habit also of asking advice from Velasquez concerning the improvement of his capital and the art-collections which he desired to make. Velasquez was also the favorite of the minister Olivarez, and this proves that he must have attended strictly to such matters as concerned himself and his art; for had he ventured to advise the king in other directions, the proud minister would not have been his friend.

At length, Velasquez was allowed to visit Italy. He remained there two years and was treated with the respect which his character and his talents merited. After his return to Madrid, he became more and more necessary to King Philip; he attended the king upon his journeys, and was in the most confidential relations with him. After a time the king sent him again to Italy to purchase works of art, and gave him full power to buy whatever his judgment approved. As the special agent of the Spanish monarch, and with his fame as a

painter, Velasquez became a very important person, and was everywhere received with the highest honors. Pope Innocent X. sat to him for his portrait, as did also several cardinals and Roman princes. He was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, and formed close friendships with many sculptors and painters.

Upon his return to Madrid, Velasquez was appointed Aposentador Mayor* of the king's household, with a salary of three thousand ducats a year. He carried at his belt a key which opened every lock in the palace. The duties of this office required him to superintend all the ceremonies and festivals of the royal household; this was a heavy tax upon his time and strength, but he also fulfilled his part as superintendent of the Gallery of the Escorial, arranged his Italian bronzes and marbles in the halls of the Alcazar, attended to bronze castings from models which he had brought from Italy, and painted his last great picture, known in Spain as "Las Meniñas," or "The Maids of Honor." This picture represents the royal family, with the maids of honor, the dwarfs, a sleeping hound, and the artist himself standing before the easel with pencils in hand. Doubtless the great master was very weary of repeating again and again the faces of the king and his children, and the idea came to him to make this picture something more than a portrait. It gives the whole scene precisely as it was, and is thus historical. It represents one moment in the life of all the notable people whom it reproduces exactly as it was passed by them; the faces of the king and queen are seen in a mirror, for the special purpose of the work was thought to be the portrait of the little Infanta, or princess, who is stiffly placed in the center, with her little maids around her. Another portrait by Velasquez of this same little Infanta was copied in an engraving which formed the frontispiece of the last number of ST. NICHOLAS. And on page 176 of this number you will find a copy of the famous painting called "The Maids of Honor."

Mr. John Hay, in his book called *Castilian Days*, says: "The longer you look upon this marvelous painting, the less possible does it seem that it is merely the placing of color on canvas which causes this perfect illusion. It does not seem possible that you are looking at a plane surface. * * * There is space and light in this picture as in any room. If art consists in making a fleeting moment immortal, * * * then it will be hard to find a greater painting than this."

When Philip saw this picture, he said it wanted but one thing; and he took a brush and in the most unskillful manner painted a red cross upon the breast of the portrait of Velasquez. Thus was the

artist made a Knight of the Order of Santiago, and the manner in which the knighthood was conferred was the highest compliment ever paid to a painter.

This famous picture is not beautiful. The color is dull, its whole tone being an olive-green gray; the persons represented are not beautiful, Velasquez is the only graceful figure there; but in spite of this it has a great power, it is a picture that one can not turn away from hastily.

The last important act in the life of Velasquez was his superintendence of the ceremonies at the Isle of Pheasants, when the courts of France and Spain met there, and when Louis XIV., accompanied by the queen-mother of France, received the Infanta Maria Teresa for his wife. The splendid ceremonies of the occasion furnished many scenes worthy to be immortalized by the poet or artist, but its preparation was too much for the strength of Velasquez, who was already overworked. He reached Madrid on the 26th of June, and died on the 6th of August. His wife lived but eight days longer, and was buried in the same grave with him. The ceremonies of his funeral were magnificent, and he was buried in the church of St. Juan, which was destroyed by the French in 1811.

Velasquez was of a rare and admirable character; he combined sweetness of temper, freedom from jealousy, and power to conciliate with strength of intellect and will and steadfastness of purpose. He was one of nature's noblemen in the full, broad sense of that word. Stirling, in his *Artists of Spain*, says of him: "He was the friend of Rubens, the most generous, and of Ribera, the most jealous of the brethren of his craft; and he was the friend and protector of Cano and Murillo, who, next to himself, were the greatest painters of Spain. The favorite of Philip IV., in fact, his minister for artistic affairs, he filled this position with a purity and a disinterestedness very uncommon in the counselors of state; and to befriend an artist less fortunate than himself was one of the last acts of his amiable and glorious life." When Velasquez is simply called the greatest painter of Spain full justice is not done him, for he was also the noblest and most commanding man among them all.

Naturally, from his position at court, a large proportion of his works were portraits of exalted personages. These are in groups, single figures, and equestrian portraits, and frequently the groups were so arranged as to perpetuate the memory of historical events. He also painted landscapes which have been favorably compared with those of Claude Lorraine; unlike Rubens, who had a certain manner in all his works, Velasquez changed his handling to suit his subject instead of suiting his subject to his handling. The horses that he painted were as well done as the men who rode

* Grand Marshal of the Royal Apartments.



"THE MAIDS OF HONOUR,"—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

them; he may be compared with Teniers as a painter of scenes from common life; "his fruit-pieces equal those of Sanchez Cotan or Van Kessel; and his dogs might do battle with the dogs of Snyders."

In the Gallery of Madrid there is no separate portrait of Velasquez, though there are such at Florence, Munich, and Paris; that in the "Maids of Honor," painted in 1656, is the latest and most authentic one; another, painted ten years earlier, is in the historical picture of the "Surrender of Breda," which was his greatest work of this kind. In the center of the picture the governor of the conquered city delivers the keys to the great Spinola, while the Spanish and Flemish soldiers are on either side. The landscape of this painting, which is a broad scene in the Netherlands, would make an admirable picture without any figures in it.

The pictures of Velasquez number two hundred

and nineteen; they are seen in all the important galleries of Europe, though the finest collection is at Madrid. His works are sold very rarely, and when they do change owners, very large prices are paid for them.

I can not conclude this account of this master in more fitting words than these from Mrs. Jameson:

"There is something in the history of this painter which fills the imagination like a gorgeous romance. In the very sound of his name—Don Diego Rodriguez Velasquez de Silva—there is something mouth-filling and magnificent. When we read of his fine chivalrous qualities, his noble birth, his riches, his palaces, his orders of knighthood, and what is most rare, the warm, real, steady friendship of a King, and added to this a long life, crowned with genius, felicity, and fame, it seems almost beyond the lot of humanity. I know of nothing to be compared with it but the history of Rubens, his friend and contemporary, whom he resembled in character and fortune, and in that union of rare talents with practical good sense which insures success in life."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE. II.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

AT Lawton, Sid had parted from his friend and gone on alone, having laid in a store of ginger-bread from a baker's cart, and paused to eat, drink, and rest by a way-side brook. A few miles farther, he passed a party of girls playing lawn-tennis; and as he slowly rolled along, watching them from his lofty perch, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it's our neighbor, Sidney West! How did he come here?" and waving her racquet, Alice ran across the lawn to find out.

Very willing to stop and display his new uniform, which was extremely becoming, Sid dismounted, doffed his helmet, and smiled upon the damsels, leaning over the hedge like a knight of old.

"Come in and play a game, and have some luncheon. You will have plenty of time, and some of us are going to the rink by and by. Do come, —we want a young gentleman to help us, for Maurice is too lazy, and Jack has hurt his hand with that stupid base-ball," said Alice, beckoning persuasively, while the other girls nodded and smiled hopefully.

Thus allured, the youthful Ulysses hearkened to the voice of the little Circe in a round hat, and entered the enchanted grove, where he soon forgot the passage of time.

While Sid was thus happily engaged, time slipped away, and Hugh passed his brother in the race,

quite unconscious that Sid was reposing in the tent that looked so inviting as the dusty, tired boy plodded by, counting every mile-stone with increasing satisfaction.

"If I reach Uncle Tim's by one o'clock, I shall have done very well," thought Hugh, with a sigh. "Four miles an hour is a fair pace, and I've made only one stop. I'll telegraph to Auntie as soon as I arrive; but she won't worry,—she's used to having us turn up all right when we get ready." The boys had no mother, and Aunt Ruth was an easy old lady who, knowing that she could trust the boys, let them do very much as they liked, to their great contentment.

As he neared his journey's end, our traveler's spirits rose, and the blisters on his heels were forgotten in the dramatic scene his fancy painted, when Sid should discover him at Uncle Tim's or calmly seated at the rink. Whistling gayly, he was passing along a wooded bit of road, when the sound of voices made him look back, to see a carriage-load of girls approaching, escorted by a bicycle rider whose long blue legs looked strangely familiar.

Wishing to keep his secret until the last moment, and conscious that he was not in company trim, Hugh dived into the wood, keeping out of sight while the gay party went by, and returning to the road as soon as they were hidden by a bend.

"If Sid had n't been so mean, I should have

been with him, and have had some of the fun. I don't feel like forgiving him in a hurry for making *mé* foot it like a tramp, while he is having so good a time."

If Hugh could have known what was to happen very soon after he had muttered these words to himself, wiping his hot face and taking the last sip of the coffee to quench his thirst, he would have been sorry that he had uttered them, and would have forgiven his brother everything.

this disaster. They expected their gallant escort would spring up and laugh over this accident; but when he remained flat upon his back, where he had alighted after his involuntary somersault, with the bicycle spread over him like a pall, they were alarmed, and flew to the rescue.

A cut on his forehead was bleeding, and the blow had evidently stunned him for a moment. Luckily, a house was near; and a man, seeing the accident, hastened to offer more efficient help than



"THE FARMER PROPPED THE FALLEN RIDER AGAINST A TREE."

While he was slowly toiling up the last long hill, Sid was coasting down on the other side, eager to display his courage and skill before the girls,—for he was of an age when boys begin to wish to please and astonish the gentler creatures whom they have hitherto treated with indifference or contempt. It was a foolish thing to do, for the road was rough, with steep banks on either side, and a sharp turn at the end. But Sid rolled gayly along, with an occasional bump, till a snake ran across the road, causing the horse to shy, the girls to scream, the bicyclist to turn to see what was the matter, and in doing so to lose his balance just when a large stone needed to be avoided. Over went Sid, down rattled the wheel, up rose a cloud of dust, and sudden silence fell upon the girls at sight of

any the girls had wit enough to give, as all four of them only flapped their handkerchiefs wildly at Sid, and exclaimed excitedly:

"What shall we do? Is he dead? Run for water! Call somebody, quick!"

"Don't be scar't, gals; it takes a sight o' thump-in' to break a boy's head. He's not hurt much,—only dazed for a minute. I'll h'ist up this pesky *mashine* and set him on his legs, if he has n't damaged 'em."

With these cheering words, the farmer cleared away the ruins and propped the fallen rider against a tree; which treatment had so good an effect that Sid was himself in a moment, and much disgusted to find what a scrape he was in.

"This is nothing, a mere bump; quite right,

thanks. Let us go on at once; so sorry to have alarmed you, young ladies —" He began his polite speech bravely, but ended with a feeble smile and a clutch at the tree, as he suddenly grew sick and dizzy again.

"You come along with me," said the farmer. "I'll tinker you up and your whirligig, too. No use sayin' go ahead, for the thing is damaged, and you want to keep quiet for a spell. Drive along, gals; I'll see to him; and my wife can nurse him better 'n a dozen flutterin' young things, scart half to death."

Thus taking matters into his own hands, the farmer had boy and bicycle under his roof in five minutes; and with vain offers of help, many regrets, and promises to let his Uncle Tim know where he was in case he did not arrive, the girls reluctantly drove away, leaving no sign of the catastrophe except the trampled road and a dead snake.

Hardly was peace restored, when Hugh came down the hill, little dreaming what had happened, and for the second time passed his brother, who just then was lying on a sofa in the farm-house, while a kind old lady adorned his brow with a large black plaster, and suggested brown paper steeped in vinegar for the various bruises on his arms and legs.

"Some one killed the snake and made a great fuss about it, I should say," thought Hugh, observing the signs of disorder in the dust; but resisting a boy's interest in such affairs, he stoutly tramped on, sniffing the whiffs of sea air that now and then saluted him, telling him that he was nearing his much-desired goal.

Presently the spires of the city came in sight, to his great satisfaction, and only the long bridge and a street or two lay between him and Uncle Tim's easy-chair, into which he soon hoped to cast himself.

Half-way across the bridge a farm-wagon passed, with a bicycle laid carefully on the barrels of vegetables going to market. Hugh gazed affectionately at it, longing to borrow it for one brief, delicious spin to the end of the bridge. Had he known that it was Sid's broken wheel, going to be repaired without loss of time, thanks to the good farmer's trip to town, he would have paused to have a hearty laugh, in spite of his vow not to stop till his journey was over.

Just as he turned into the side street where Uncle Tim lived, a horse-car went by, in one corner of which sat a pale youth, with a battered hat drawn low over his eyes, who handed out his fare with the left hand, and frowned when the car jolted, as if the jar hurt him. Had he looked out of the window, he would have seen a very dusty boy, with a pouch over his shoulder, walk-

ing smartly down the street where his uncle lived. But Sid carefully turned his head aside, fearing to be recognized; for he was on his way to a certain club to which Bemis belonged, preferring his sympathy and hospitality to the humiliation of having his mishap told at home by Uncle Tim, who would be sure to take Hugh's part, and exult over the downfall of the proud. Well for him that he avoided that comfortable mansion; for on the door-steps stood Hugh, beaming with satisfaction as the clock struck one, proclaiming to him that he had done his twenty miles in a little less than five hours.

"Not bad for a 'little chap,' even though he is 'a donkey,'" chuckled the boy, dusting his shoes, wiping his red face, and touching himself up as well as he could, in order to present as fresh and unwearied an aspect as possible when he burst upon his astonished brother's sight.

In he marched when the door opened, to find his uncle and two rosy cousins just sitting down to dinner. Always glad to see the lads, they gave him a cordial welcome, and asked for his brother.

"Has n't he come yet?" cried Hugh, surprised, yet inwardly glad to be the first on the field.

Nothing had been seen of him, and Hugh at once told his tale, to the great delight of his hearty uncle, and the admiring wonder of Meg and May, the rosy young cousins. They all enjoyed the exploit immensely, and at once insisted that the pedestrian should be refreshed by a bath, an abundant meal, and a good rest in the big chair, where he repeated his story, by particular request.

"You deserve a bicycle, and you shall have one, as sure as my name is Timothy West!" exclaimed his uncle. "I like pluck and perseverance, and you have both; so come on, my boy, and name the wheel you like best. Sid needs a little 'taking down,' as you lads say, and this will serve the purpose, I fancy. I am a younger brother myself, and I know what their trials are."

As his uncle made these agreeable remarks, Hugh looked as if all his trials were over; for his face shone with soap and satisfaction, his hunger was relieved by a fine dinner, his tired feet luxuriated in a pair of vast slippers, and the blissful certainty of owning a first-class bicycle filled his cup to overflowing. Words could hardly express his gratitude, and nothing but the hope of meeting Sid with this glorious news would have torn him from the reposeful paradise where he longed to linger. Pluck and perseverance, with cold cream on the blistered heels, got him into his shoes again, and he rode away in a horse-car, as in a triumphal chariot, to find his brother.

"I'll not brag, but I do feel immensely pleased with this day's work. I wonder how Sid got on. I

suppose he made the distance in two or three hours, and that he is parading with those swell club fellows at the rink. I'll slip in and let him find me, as if I were n't a bit proud of what I've done, and did n't care for anybody's praise."

With this plan in his head, Hugh enjoyed the afternoon very much, keeping a sharp lookout for Sid, even while astonishing feats were being performed before his admiring eyes. But nowhere did he see his brother, for he was searching for a blue uniform and a helmet with a certain badge on it; while Sid, in a borrowed hat and coat, sat in a corner looking on, whenever a splitting headache and the pain in his bones allowed him to see and enjoy the exploits in which he had hoped to join.

Not until it was over and they went out, did the brothers meet; and then the expression on Sid's face was so comical that Hugh laughed till the crowd about them stared, and wondered what the joke could be.

"How in the world did *you* get here?" asked the elder boy, giving his hat a sudden pull to hide the plaster.

"I walked, as you advised me to."

Words can not express the pleasure that answer gave Hugh, nor the exultation he vainly tried to repress, as his eyes twinkled, and a grin of real boyish fun shone upon his sunburnt countenance.

"You expect me to believe that, do you?" asked his brother.

"Just as you please. I started with your lunch-bag to catch you, and when I missed you, I thought I might as well keep on. I got in about one, took dinner at Uncle's, and have been enjoying these high jinks ever since," replied Hugh, calmly.

"Very well, for a beginning. Keep it up and you'll be a Rowell by and by. What do you suppose father will say to you, small boy?" asked Sid.

"Not much. Uncle will make that all right. *He* thought it was a plucky thing to do, and so did the girls. But when did *you* get in?" asked Hugh, rather nettled at Sid's want of enthusiasm, though it was evident that he was much impressed by the "small boy's" prank.

"I took it easy after Bemis left me," answered Sid. "I had a game of tennis at the Blanchards' as I came along, took dinner at the club, and strolled up here with the fellows. I've a headache, and I don't feel up to much."

As Sid spoke and Hugh's keen eye took in the various signs of distress which betrayed a hint of the truth, the grin changed to a hearty "Ha! ha!" as he smote his knees, exclaiming gleefully, "You've come to grief! I know it, I see it. Own up, and don't shirk, for I'll find it out somehow, as sure as you live."

"Don't make such a row in the street. Jump

aboard this car and I'll tell you, for you'll give me no peace till I do," answered Sid, well knowing that Alice would never keep the secret.

To say that it was a treat to Hugh faintly expresses the interest he took in the story which was extracted bit by bit from the reluctant sufferer; but after a very pardonable crow over the mishaps of his oppressor, he yielded to the sympathy he felt for his brother, and was very good to him.

This touched Sid, and filled him with remorse for past unkindness; for one sees his faults very plainly, and is not ashamed to own it, when walking through the Valley of Humiliation.

"Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, as they left the car, and Hugh offered an arm, with a friendly air, pleasant to see. "I'll give you the old wheel, and let Joe get another where he can. It's small for him, and I doubt if he wants it, anyhow. I do think you were a plucky fellow to tramp your twenty miles in good time, and not bear malice either, so let's say done, and forgive and forget."

"Much obliged, but Uncle is going to give me a new one; so Joe need n't feel any disappointment. I know how hard that is, and am glad to keep him from it, for he's poor and can't afford a new machine."

That answer was Hugh's only revenge for his own trials, and Sid felt it, though he merely said, with a hearty slap on the shoulder:

"Glad to hear it. Uncle is a trump, and so are you. We'll take the last train home, and I'll pay your fare."

"Thank you. Poor old man, you did get a bump, did n't you?" exclaimed Hugh, as they took off their hats in the hall, and the patch appeared in all its gloomy length and breadth.

"My head will be all right in a day or two, but I stove in my helmet, and ground holes in both knees of my new shorts. I had to borrow a fit-out of Bemis, and leave my rags behind. We need n't mention any more than is necessary to the girls; I hate to be fussed over," answered Sid, trying to speak carelessly.

Hugh had to stop and have another laugh, remembering the taunts his own mishaps had called forth; but he did not retaliate, and Sid never forgot it. Their stay was a short one, and Hugh was the hero of the hour, quite eclipsing his brother, who usually took the first place, but now very meekly played second fiddle, conscious that he was not an imposing figure, in a coat much too big for him, with a patch on his forehead, a purple bruise on one cheek, and a general air of dilapidation very trying to the usually spruce youth.

When they left, Uncle Tim patted Hugh on the head,—a liberty the boy would have resented if the delightful old gentleman had not followed it

up by saying, with a reckless generosity worthy of record: "Choose your bicycle, my boy, and send the bill to me." Then turning to Sid he added, in a tone that made the pale face redden suddenly, "And do you remember that the tortoise beat the hare in the old fable."

"THAT is the last of the stories, for our holiday is over, and to-morrow we must go home. We have had a splendid time, and thank you and Auntie so much, dear Grandma," said Min, expressing the feeling of all the children, as they stood about the fire when the bicycle tale ended.

"I'm so glad, my darlings, and please God we'll all meet here again next year, well and happy and ready for more fun," answered the old lady, with arms and lap full of loving little people.

"Auntie deserves a vote of thanks, and I rise to propose it," said Geoff; and it was passed with great applause.

"Many thanks. If the odds and ends in my port-folio have given you pleasure or done you any good, my fondest wishes are gratified," an-

swered Aunt Elinor, laughing, yet well pleased. "I tucked a moral in, as we hide pills in jelly, and I hope you did n't find them hard to swallow."

"Oh, no!—not at all. I intend to look after little things faithfully, and tell the girls how to make their jerseys fit," said Min.

"I'm going to fill my jewel-box as Daisy did, and learn to cook," added Lotty.

"Eli is the boy for me, and I won't forget to be kind to this small chap," said Walt, stroking his younger brother's head with unusual kindness.

"Well, I'm rather mixed in my heroes, but I'll take the best of Corny, Onawandah, and the banner fellow for my share," cried Geoff.

The little people proclaimed their favorites; but as all spoke together, only a comical mixture of doves, bears, babies, table-cloths, and blue hose reached the ear. Then came the good-night kisses, the patter of departing feet, and silence fell upon the room. The little wheel was still, the chairs stood empty, the old portraits looked sadly down, the fire died out, and the Spinning-wheel Stories were done.

"O UNCLE PHILIP!"

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.



"WE'RE going to keep a horse this summer," said Arthur Shaw, proudly, at recess one day.

"Oh, that is n't anything!" replied Willie Leslie.

"We're going to keep a prairie!"

"What's a prairie?"

"Oh, it's a big flat place, where they keep about forty horses, and fifty cows, and a hundred pigs, and five hundred dogs, and a thousand sheep, and a million hens, and —"

Then Willie paused; his knowledge of arithmetic

did not extend beyond millions, and he had no intention of lowering his estimates.

It was quite true; Uncle Philip had bought a ranch in Kansas several years before, and had represented life there as so delightful that Mr. Leslie was going to take the entire family thither for the summer, and Willie, indeed, was to go back with his Uncle Philip in February.

"Do you have birthdays on a ranch, Uncle?" inquired Willie, when told that he might go.

"Yes, we have birthdays," said Uncle Philip; "but I'm not so sure about our having birthday cake."

"Then I shall have my birthday before I go," said Master Willie, emphatically.

"And is your front door cut in halves, like those at Newport, so that Lilian can put on a long dress and lean out over the lower half and look down the road—so?" said Fred, illustrating by leaning over the back of a large arm-chair in the attitude of one of Raphael's angels.

"It's all right about the door, but I'm afraid she could n't look down the road; it's too far away."

"How far is it to the gate?"

"There is n't any gate."

"Then how do you get out from the fence?"

"There is n't any fence."

"Then what keeps the animals in?"

"Oh, the herders. We have no trees to make lumber of, and wood is so high that it costs more to build a fence than to hire a man to look after the herd."

"But you have to feed a man," suggested Fred, mindful of what he had been told about the first cost of a horse being a small part of the expense.

"Certainly; but you have to keep a fence in repair. And where eggs are ten cents a dozen, butter fifteen cents a pound, and chickens a dollar and a half a dozen, it is cheaper to feed a man on poultry and custard than to mend a fence. Besides, Fred, how long do you suppose it would take us to put a fence around the ranch, if we had the lumber?"

"Would it take a month?"

"A month? Well, let me see! it is a little hard to calculate, but as a rough guess, I should think, with a force of fifty men, we might get around it in about five years. That is, if we did n't stop to paint it."

"O Uncle Philip!"

"Sometimes we put a wire fence around a small pasture of a hundred acres or so; but you will see that it is much simpler on the whole to keep a man walking around and around the flocks of sheep than to shut them up inside a fence; especially as we have n't any trees of which to make a fence."

"Then," said Lilian, thoughtfully, "that must be what they mean in the Bible by '*men as trees walking*.' But can I have a flower-garden, Uncle Philip?"

"Certainly, if you can make fifty or a hundred acres do for one; I don't think I could spare more than that very well for ornamental purposes. But you can have plenty of flowers if you don't have a flower-garden, you know. You can't walk anywhere on the prairie without stepping on a flower."

"O Uncle Philip!"

"And you can pick up vases for them, too,—

great hollow stones that will hold water and make the prettiest vases in the world for a room with a Kansas breeze blowing through it that would shiver glass vases to atoms in a few minutes."

"I know there are some very pretty flowers on the prairies," said Lilian, condescendingly. "But, all the same, I should like a few of the home ones. If I could take out a few sunflower seeds —"

Here Uncle Philip threw back his head and indulged in a very hearty laugh.

"My dear young lady, when the sunflower season arrives I will harness up my carriage and pair and drive you through twenty acres of them in one field. It will be hard work to pull through, but the horses will trample down the stalks ahead of us, and when they spring up behind us again, after we have driven over them, no one will know where we are, for they will tower three or four feet above our heads as we sit in the carriage or on horseback!"

"O Uncle Philip!"

"And now that I think of it, perhaps we'd better have the sunflower bed fenced in; for if baby Nora should stray in there, you would never find her again."

"Uncle Philip," said Willie, fixing his eyes sternly on his uncle's face, as he had seen his mother do sometimes when anxious to elicit not only the truth, but the whole truth, "how big is the whole thing, anyway?"

"Willie, I object to having my ranch alluded to disrespectfully as the *thing*. The pasture in it is about as large as Central Park; the lawn, where I suppose Lilian will wish to have her tennis and croquet and things, is about as large as Prospect Park in Brooklyn; and the 'whole thing,' as you call it, is about eight times as large as both parks put together."

"O Uncle Philip!"

When Willie finally left with his uncle to find out for himself exactly how much of these wonderful stories was true, Mamma was very quiet for a day or two. She was not so sure as Papa and Uncle Philip seemed to be that her boy would like "roughing it," and she was afraid no one would remember to look in at night to see if he were warmly covered up. She waited anxiously for his first letter; she was quite sure, whatever he might say in it, that she should know if he were really homesick.

When the letter came, it was a postal card, and read as follows:

"When you cum out here, please bring me a present of sum collars for two puppy-dogs."

He did not say a word about being happy or unhappy, but Mamma was so clever that she said she was quite satisfied about it all, and she was

never heard to worry again about the extra blanket at night. When the second letter came, it was another postal card, which read thus:

"DEAR PAPA: I've bawt a horse. He is a Good Horse. I pade thirty dollars for him. I havn't bawt him to ride, but to speculate. You no you sed you would by me a horse, and I'd like to sell you this one for me to ride. You can hav him for fifty dollars. Uncle Phillip sez fifty dollars is cheap for horses. He sez you'll find it a bargain. And I cood keep the horse I like and make twenty dollars on him. Uncle Phillip sez it isn't often that a bargain is a bargain for both sides. Let me no if you want to by him on these condishuns.

"Your affekshionet sun,

"WILLIAM G. LESLIE."

Two months later, the entire family started to join Willie at the ranch. The first day's journey was very lovely, on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, through the Susquehanna valley and among the Alleghany mountains.

"But I don't see any 'chinery, Papa," complained little Nora, after gazing steadily out of the window.

They could not imagine at first what Nora meant; but they discovered at last that having heard them talk a great deal about the "beautiful scenery" that they were to see from the cars, she had supposed them to mean beautiful "machinery," such as Papa had shown her once at the American Institute Exhibition.

Behind them in the cars sat a gentleman who, Mamma whispered, was Mark Twain.

"But he has n't said a single funny thing all the way," complained Lilian, on the second morning; "for I've been listening all the time."

"Of course he has n't," explained Fred. "He keeps his funny things for his books."

"And perhaps," suggested Lilian, "he is waiting to hear us say something funny, to put that in his book. But I certainly shan't;" and Lilian closed her lips with unusual emphasis, lest a witticism should escape unawares.

"Will he put us in his book, do you think, Papa?" asked Nora, anxiously.

"Well, it is just possible he may say something about a little girl who could n't find any machinery in the mountains," said Papa, slyly.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, they stepped from the cars at last, to find Uncle Philip waiting with the carriage, a big team for the luggage, and Willie prancing about on the horse he had "bawt."

"Mamma," said he, solemnly, "it's all true!"

"What is true, my son?"

"Everything that Uncle Philip said!"

And away he cantered, or "loped," as they call it in Kansas. The visitors exclaimed at the beauty of the prairie; for, although it was very early in the season, and the trees had been still leafless when they left New York, the prairie wild flowers were already in blossom, and as far as the eye could see, the grass was studded with brilliant portulacca.

"It must be God's flower-garden, Mamma," whispered Nora; "for I don't think any one else could plant so many!"

"What is that village in the distance, Philip?" asked Mrs. Leslie, when they had been driving about ten minutes.

"Willie," called his uncle, "your mother wishes to know what that village is in the distance?"

Willie almost rolled from his horse in his amusement.

"It is n't a village, Mary," explained Mr. Leslie.

"It's a fort. I can see the main buildings of stone, and the American flag floating from the top. Fort Harker, I presume. Is n't it Fort Harker, Philip?"

"Willie," again called his uncle, "your father says it is n't a village, but a fort. He thinks it must be Fort Harker!"

This time they were quite sure Willie would fall from his horse in the ecstasy of his amusement.

"Why, Papa, that is the ranch! and the flag is our flag!"

"I bought that flag in New York," explained Uncle Philip, "the day Lilian told me that the young ladies at her school, who expected to correspond with her this summer, wanted to know what the postage to Kansas was. I can't have my nephews and nieces think that in coming to see me they are expatriating themselves from the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The many buildings on the ranch—the stables, corrals, sheep-sheds, hen-house, tool-house, pig-gery, water-tower, windmill, cook-house, and so on,—did, indeed, give the appearance of a thriving little village; and as Mamma entered the comfortable dwelling-house, she laughed to remember her fears about Willie's "roughing it" and having, perhaps, no extra blanket on cold nights. Next to her room was a cheery little room for Nora; but as the little girl had never slept quite alone before, they were not surprised to hear a little voice in the night calling:

"Mamma, are you there?"

Mamma answered in person, and as she smoothed the pillow, said:

"You know it is very foolish to call anybody up in the night, Nora, unless you really want something."

"I did want something, Mamma; I wanted you."

"But if you wake up, you must turn over and go to sleep again. That is the way I do. I never call anybody."

"I know you don't now," said Nora, wistfully.

"Did n't you call anybody when you were a baby?"

Mamma did not make any direct reply, but busied herself with the coverlet.

The next night Nora slept till morning; a little surprised at not being praised for this feat at the breakfast-table, she inquired, gravely:

"Mamma, did you hear me *not call* you last night?"

Now began long and happy days for them all,—days full of excitements so varied that at the end of the summer, Fred declared that he had not been berrying, and he had not had a sail; but he believed he had done everything else that a boy could do to have a good time. Each of them had a pony, and after the long, delicious gallops on the prairie, with the soft grass under their ponies' feet, not a stick nor a stone in the path to make them stumble, with the wild, free breeze blowing in their faces, and no need to slacken speed lest a carriage or a bicycle should be coming around the corner, they were quite sure they could never *endure* to ride in a park again, and the thought of pacing solemnly around and around in a ring at the riding-school was simply intolerable. Willie, of course, appreciated at its true value his superior experience, and found it especially delightful to know more than Mamma about some things, at

Uncle Philip! just look at Mamma, out on the range with a parasol! Is n't she a 'tender-foot!'"

One amusement was watching the great flocks of sheep with the merry little lambs go in and out of the corrals night and morning. Then came the excitement of shearing-time, and loading the great wagons with heavy bags of wool to be sent to New York and Boston. There were fewer wild flowers as the summer heat increased; but after the wild flowers came the great harvests of grain, and the children—the elders, too, for that matter—were never weary of watching the wonderful machines, almost human in their intelligence, so it seemed, that cut the grain, tying it into bundles as it accumulated, or threshed the rich wheat from the useless chaff. The hay-fields—and Uncle Philip expected to cut two thousand tons of hay that summer—were, many of them, so far from the home ranch that the men had a complete camping outfit, not to waste time going back and forth for their meals. Of the delights of visiting that camp, I forbear to write, lest those of you who, poor things, are obliged to spend the summer at Newport or Mount Desert should have your simple



THE GREAT FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

last. "Just think, Uncle Philip!" was his favorite exclamation, "Mamma thought that flock of sheep was a hedge-fence!" or, "Uncle Philip!

pleasures spoiled for you by the comparison. Then there were picnics at the great cave, beautifully shaded with great trees along the creek,

where wonderful Indian hieroglyphics were found, and where the gentlemen—as the shooting season began, and they scattered over the prairie for prairie-chicken, quail, plover, or duck—were glad to come together for afternoon tea, made from Mrs. Leslie's urn. And at last, just before they were going home, they had one of the genuine prairie excitements.

They all had been dining at Elk Horn ranch,—the charming home of their nearest neighbors,—and as they rose from the table, smoke was seen in the distance. Experienced eyes, however, pronounced that it was nothing alarming, and they all sat on the piazza for another hour. When at last the horses were brought around, they had hardly driven a quarter of a mile, before a man without any hat met them on horseback, shouting:

"You can not get home, Mr. Leslie! The fire is raging for miles between here and your house!"

"But I *must* get home!" shouted Uncle Philip, as he gave the whip to his horses. They were only four miles from their own house, but between raged a sea of prairie fire!

It was a terrible sight, as they approached the place where flames began to be visible. Of course there were no towering buildings with roofs ablaze and crackling walls, and they had no fear of any lives being in danger; but to see *acres* of low grass all aflame, like a lake of fire miles in extent, was a thrilling sight in itself, even if one were not wondering what might be happening at the dear home just beyond. Uncle Philip drove to a little patch of plowed ground, waiting there with the smoke and cinders almost blinding their eyes, and the fearful wind almost blowing them from the carriage, till the flames had passed over a strip of land wide enough for the horses to pass through. Then, on and on, as fast as the excited animals could run, waiting from time to time on little squares of plowed ground, till they came to a strip of furious flame, which did not seem to yield even after waiting ten or fifteen minutes. "I *must* get to my sheep!" exclaimed Uncle Philip, and in another moment they were driving straight through and over the flaming grass! It did not last long, of course; but they drove home at a furious pace,



THE CYCLONE.

to find that the fire had paused about a mile from the house, though all the men on the ranch were at work there, beating down the flames with old blankets, branches of trees, and even old clothes dipped in water. It was a fierce struggle; and they worked till late into the evening before they could feel that house and crops and "range" were at last quite safe.

"You look like Meg Merrilies, Mamma," said Lilian, as she tried to smooth her mother's flying

wraps and disordered hair. "A prairie fire is dreadful. But then I suppose a cyclone would have been worse!"

"What is a cyclone?" inquired Nora.

"It is a terrible storm, my little girl," explained

Uncle Philip. "And if it should make up its mind to take you with it to Kansas City, it would carry you there faster than any railway train you ever saw."

"O Uncle Philip!"



THE POSTMAN.

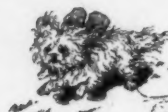
BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



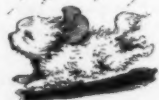
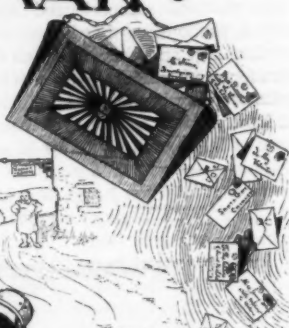
HEY, the little postman,
And his little dog!
Here he comes a-hopping
Like a little frog;
Bringing me a letter,
Bringing me a note,
In the little pocket
Of his little coat.



Hey, the little postman,
And his little hat!
Here he comes a-creeping
Like a little cat.
What is that he 's saying?
"None for you to-day?"
Cruel little postman,
I wish you 'd go away.



Hey, the little postman,
And his little bag!
Here he comes a-trotting
Like a little nag;
Bringing me a paper,
Bringing me a bill
From the little grocer
On the little hill.



HIS ONE FAULT.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

KIT had to go back on his course again, but not far; and he was soon following the path among the undergrowth. Fresh hoof-prints in soft places amid the roots and dead leaves corroborated the laborer's story; they led to the grassy hollow, where a spot which some beast had lately grazed was plainly to be seen near another that showed an impression, like that of a human form, on the bank.

"It must have been a man that lay here; that shows it," said Kit, turning over the stump of a cigar with his foot.

Of course, neither man nor horse was there then; but he was able to follow the foot-prints along a winding cart-track, through beautiful, open, sun-spotted woods, until he came to a pair of posts with three bars, the two upper ones of which were let down.

"To take Dandy through," said Kit to himself. "Here are his tracks still!" and he followed them into a wild, rocky, and hilly road beyond.

Farther along were some men gathering squashes in a field, and Kit shouted his question at them across a brier-overgrown stone wall.

"Yes, we've seen a man with just such a horse," one shouted back from a wagon in which he stood, catching the squashes another man and a boy tossed up to him.

In spite of the briers, Kit was over the wall in a moment, and the squash-gatherers stopped their work to hear his eager questions.

"No," said the man in the wagon, "I did n't notice the braided foretop nor the other marks which you describe. The fellow wanted to sell or trade his horse; but as I did n't want either to buy or swap, I did n't take the trouble to go and look at his beast. I guess you'll hear of him farther up the road."

All the boy's hope and strength seemed to come back with the joy of this good news. How glad he now was that he had not given over the pursuit, as more than once in his discouragement and fatigue he had been tempted to do! And how fortunate that he had got so early a start, after the theft was discovered!

"Perhaps Uncle Gray will take back some of his hard words," he said, anticipating the triumph of riding Dandy home, or of carrying a certain clew to his whereabouts. "And how pleased Mother will be!"

He heard of the horse at two or three places, and at last got a ride with a young farmer, who gave him a startling piece of information.

"I've seen your horse-thief, certain as the world! He wanted to sell me the animal for a hundred dollars, and I think I might have bought it, but I don't like to take a horse I've never seen before, for fear there might be something wrong about it."

Kit described Dandy's marks.

"Yes, that's the one!" said the farmer. "I looked at his feet, and I remember he had no shoes in front. His foretop was n't braided, but it was crinkled, as if it had been braided and the braids had been taken out. A cunning thief would be apt to do that."

He also remembered the mottles on the sides. Kit asked excitedly when and where he had seen the man and horse.

"A little before noon," was the reply. "The fellow stopped to get dinner and bait his horse at my father-in-law's, the next house to mine. It's just possible he's there now. I've been down the road since dinner, and am just driving home."

So saying, he whipped up his horse; while Kit, with impatient expectation, strained his eyes in the direction of the father-in-law's house in the distance. The young farmer drove rapidly by his own door, and turned up at the next front-yard. The father-in-law himself came out leisurely to meet him.

"Where's that fellow who took dinner here, and had the horse to sell?" cried the young farmer. To which the old farmer responded with a deliberation strangely in contrast with Kit's breathless excitement:

"That chap? He's been gone an hour. He hung 'round, trying to get me to make him an offer, till I fairly had to send him away."

"It's too bad!" said the young man. "The horse was stolen, and it belongs to this boy's uncle. Where did he go?"

The old farmer looked at Kit's changing countenance, and replied:

"I said to him, 'The best place to sell your horse is over at Peaceville, at the cattle-show.' 'Is there a cattle-show at Peaceville?' said he. 'Yes,' I said, 'it opens to-day, and holds to-day and to-morrow.' 'That's an idea,' said he; 'how far is it?' I told him about eight miles; then he wanted to know the best way to get there, and started off. I've no doubt that he will go straight

to the cattle-show with his stolen horse, if he don't sell it on the way."

"What did he say for himself? What sort of looking man was he?" Kit asked.

"He said he had been to collect a bad debt, and had been obliged to take a horse he did n't want, and that was why he was willing to dispose of it at any price. But I did n't have much faith in what he said, though he was a rather good-looking, pleasantfellow. Sallow-complected, red hair, about average height, and he wore a common-looking suit of some sort of dark checked goods, and a narrow-brimmed, low-crowned straw hat."

All this corresponded well with what Kit had heard before, and enabled him to form in his mind so distinct an image of the fugitive that he felt almost sure he would recognize him when he saw him, even if he were not riding Dandy.

"Do you suppose he has really gone to the cattle-show?" he asked, turning to the younger farmer. "Or might he not have made a pretense of going, to throw pursuers off his track?"

"Either is likely enough; but I think it more probable he will try to sell the horse at the fair. That being in another county, and so far away, he wont expect to meet there any of your neighbors who know the animal. Your best course," the young man added, "will be to take the road to Peaceville, and inquire for him as you go along."

"I think so myself. And I must lose no time!"

Adding a word of hearty thanks, Kit was stepping down from the wagon, when the young man stopped him.

"Sit still; I'll drive you over to the main road you are to strike; I only wish I could go all the way!"

"I wish you could!" exclaimed the grateful boy. "But I shall be glad of even a little lift."

He was beginning to feel more foot-sore and leg-weary than he had ever been in his life, and it was with pain and repugnance that he stepped down upon the road-side where the friendly young farmer was obliged to leave him. His stomach was empty and faint, and there was a spot in the small of his back which seemed to be tiring of its share in the day's business, and threatening to strike work altogether.

He felt that he could not afford a minute's time to rest, or even to get a bite at a farm-house, so much depended on the speed with which he could follow the thief. He had quenched his thirst at way-side wells and springs, and helped himself to apples in orchards as he passed; and with such scanty refreshment he trudged on wearily.

It was very near sunset when, dusty and haggard and spent, he came in sight of the cool meadows and sluggish, winding river on the pleas-

ant outskirts of Peaceville. From afar off he was shown the high-towered fair-building in the midst of the grounds where the cattle-show was held; and at last the colossal image of an ox-yoke above a broad open gateway assured his anxiously beating heart that he had arrived at the entrance.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the gate-keeper asked for his ticket, Kit in return inquired for Dandy and his rider. The man shook his head.

"I have seen too many horses to remember any particular one," he said. "Your man may have left his horse outside, or he may have taken it in; I can't tell."

"Shall I have to pay to go in?" Kit asked, having learned that a ticket of admission would cost half a dollar. "I have n't come to see the fair, only to hunt for a stolen horse."

The man took out his watch, then looked Kit over carefully.

"All right," he said. "It's the end of the show for to-day, anyhow." And he turned back into the grounds, accompanied by Kit.

The man appeared interested in something taking place on the other side of a railing that swept around in a wide curve near the entrance, inclosing, as Kit found, that indispensable feature of the agricultural fair-ground, the trotting-park.

There was a crowd of spectators farther along, on the side where he was, while beyond, far away on the broad, well-trodden circular track, he saw half a dozen or more horses with light sulkies coming swiftly around toward him. Each sulky had its occupant perched on the little frame that served as a seat, ridiculously close to the tail of the trotter he was urging. The dust of the track leaped up like smoke in dull gray puffs under the flying hoofs, rose in a cloud behind, and gradually mingled with the ring of thin, dingy haze, of like earthy origin, overhanging the entire race-course.

Four or five of the trotters fell behind, and became scattered along the track, while two passed, nearly abreast, the spot where Kit was, and shot by the judges' stand,—a square-roofed tower inside the track,—amid a tumult of cheers from the crowd without. Some one's horse had won; Kit did not care whose; he only waited to see that Dandy Jim was not on the track (for which absurd idea he laughed well at himself afterward), and then turned to look through the stables behind the course.

He found only blooded animals there, and soon satisfied himself that it was not the place to look for Dandy Jim. Meanwhile, some visitors who

had their teams in the fair-grounds were hitching them up, and driving out. He scanned them rapidly, and, hastening across the field amid a throng of pedestrians taking their departure, found a number of horses, some harnessed to wagons and some detached, tied to ropes or rails between the race-course and the central fair-buildings, or pavilion.

With a heart full of distressing anxiety, he looked at every animal; but Dandy Jim was nowhere to be seen. Was his toilsome journey then in vain? Had the thief, whom he had traced until within a mile or two of the village, suddenly taken another turn and eluded him? Or had the horse been actually brought there, and sold, and taken away again, before his arrival? This was the result he had dreaded most, and a final, sickening fear settled upon him that this was what had occurred.

The far-spreading fields of the river-valley were already in shadow, and the sunshine was fast fading from the wooded hills; evening was closing in with a beauty and dewy coolness which made the movements of the crowds, and the dusty canopy over the race-track, seem something alien and strange. The bell at the judges' stand was tinkling for starts and recalls, and every one who was not leaving the grounds appeared interested in the next heat to be run. No one noticed or cared for poor Kit, not even a policeman to whom he appealed; and in all these throngs he saw not a face he knew.

There were fruit-wagons and ginger-beer carts, side-shows and refreshment-tents, farther on; while a distant sound of lowing and bleating told him that the cattle-sheds were on the other side of the grounds. He determined to make the tour of them, asking for Dandy of every man who would give him a moment's attention. The side-shows with their highly colored placards did not allure him, nor had he any desire to see "the finest museum of curiosities" ever opened to an ungrateful world for the low price of ten cents; nor to try his luck at swinging the ball around the peg, a little game at which he was told by the proprietor there was a chance to win a small fortune.

But here Kit, looking for friendly faces to which to address his questions, suddenly stopped.

"It beats everything!" said a young man, giving the ball a final spiteful swing. "When I swung it just for fun, I could knock down the peg by the return swing every time. But as sure as I put up my money, I knock it down the other way, and lose. How do you manage it, old Punkin-eater?"

"It's all luck," replied the proprietor, coolly

pocketing his dimes. "Walk up; don't be afraid, gentlemen? You pay ten cents for a swing, and if you knock the peg down with the ball coming back, you win half a dollar; five for one. Try it?"

He appealed to Kit in vain; Kit just then had his fascinated eyes on the young man who had been losing. Suddenly he stepped forward and extended his hand with the eagerness of one snatching at the smallest chance of friendly assistance, exclaiming:

"Cassius Branlow!"

Cassius Branlow gave a start of surprise, and eyed him sharply.

"You have slightly the advantage of me, young man," he replied coolly.

"Don't you know me? You used to work for my father in the tin-shop. I am Kit!"

"Ah! Kit indeed! But, great Scott! what has happened to you? You look as if you had been seeing the elephant, and been slightly stepped on. How's your father? It seems an age since I've been among the East Adam folk."

The young man rattled away so glibly that it was some moments before Kit could tell his story. Then he said, appealingly:

"My father is dead. And I am living with Uncle Gray. His horse was stolen last night; I have traced it to this town, and I think to this cattle-show. I don't know anybody here—and I am so glad I have met you!"

Mr. Cassius Branlow opened his eyes and held his breath a second or two before exclaiming:

"What a volley of thunderbolts you fire off at a poor mortal, all at once! Your father dead? Just as I was thinking of going back to work for him again! The best man I ever worked for in seven States! And your uncle's—what did you say?—his horse stolen?"

"Yes; I've been traveling all day to find it. And now, here I am, at night, twenty miles from home,—though it's farther than that by the way I've come,—in a place where I don't know a soul, and I don't know what to do!" Here poor Kit's voice broke.

"Do?" cried Mr. Cassius Branlow, cheerfully. "I'll tell you what you must do. Step into this refreshment-tent with me and get a lunch, the first thing. That's what you need."

"I can't do that," replied Kit, "till I have found the horse. Come around here with me; I have looked everywhere except on the side of the cattle-pens."

"There are no horses over there," said Branlow, very positively, "and I don't believe the man who took yours would be likely to bring it to so public a place as this. Though I must say it seems to be a great resort for doubtful characters

of all kinds. Is n't it a shame," he went on, without giving Kit a chance to reply, "that the agricultural fair—an institution from which so much good is expected—should have run down, as it has of late years, and have been given over almost entirely to horse-racing! Look around you here to-day, and what do you see?"

"I don't see what I want to—my uncle's horse!" said Christopher.

"A few calves and pigs, a little show of fruit and garden-stuff—I could eat all the pears and grapes there are in the hall in a few hours!" Mr. Branlow declared. "And what else is there besides the horse-trotting? That's what I call demoralizing. But it's of a piece with some of these outside shows. There's that little game of swinging the ball, for example."

"The one you were just now playing?" queried Christopher, surprised to hear his old acquaintance criticise the management of the cattle-show from a moral point of view.

"I wished to see if it was anything more than the miserable game of chance which I proved it to be," replied Branlow. "I call it a disgrace to New England agriculture that such a thing should be allowed at any of its annual exhibitions. Don't you?"

"It does n't seem to be just right," said Christopher. "I had n't thought about it before. I can't think of anything but Uncle Gray's horse!" And he gazed anxiously about.

"Your Uncle Gray, as I remember him," said Cassius, "is a most excellent man, with a nose like a short sickle, and a tendency to asthma. It's too bad about his horse! I must try to help you find it."

"I should be so glad if you would!" exclaimed the grateful Christopher.

"Of course I will," rejoined Branlow. "Now, let's see! If the fellow was so foolish as to bring it to a show like this——"

"It's out of our county, and a long way from the place where the horse is known," suggested Kit. "I don't believe there's anybody here from our town but myself."

"I had n't thought of that," replied Branlow. "And you say you have traced him to Peaceville?"

"I am sure of it!" affirmed Kit.

"In that case," said Branlow, "you're doing a very unwise thing to stand here talking with me. Don't you see? The rascal may not yet have brought the horse into the grounds; or, if he has, he may spy you out, and get off with it while you are gaping about. I'll tell you what's your scheme. You should be at the entrance, where you'll be sure to see him if he takes the horse out or in. You made a mistake leaving it."

"Perhaps I did," poor Kit murmured. "But I thought there might be some other way out, and I could look around in a few minutes."

"There's no other way out; and you'd better leave me to look about for you. Describe the horse, so I shall know it if I see it."

Kit described Dandy's points, which Cassius rehearsed after him, telling them off on his fingers. "A dark-brown horse" (first finger). "Mottled with lighter spots on his sides" (second ditto). "Foretop looks as if it had been lately braided—shod behind, not before—yes! yes! I've got him!" said Branlow, touching fingers number three and four.

"You've got him?" repeated the startled Christopher.

"On my fingers," Branlow smilingly explained; "and here!" touching his forehead. "I shall know that horse when I see it. Light-brown, with darker spots——"

"No, no!" cried Kit. "Dark-brown, with lighter roundish mottles——"

"Certainly! Is n't that what I said? I'll look at every horse on the ground, and if it's shod before and not behind——"

"Behind and not before!" interrupted Christopher.

"Hear me out!" continued Branlow. "If it's shod before and not behind, I shall know at once it is n't your horse. Now rush to the gate, and don't leave it till I meet you there. We'll have your nag, and trap the rogue, too, if they're on this ground."

Kit started to run toward the entrance; while Mr. Cassius Branlow, instead of devoting his time and energies at once to making the promised search, stood, holding Dandy Jim poised on the ends of his fingers, and smilingly watched the boy as he scudded away across the open field, amid the scattered pedestrians.

Suddenly Mr. Cassius snapped Dandy off his finger-tips, and uttered his favorite exclamation:

"GREAT SCOTT!"

This was called out by an unexpected movement on the part of Christopher, who, seeing some wagons over on the side of the cattle-pens, and reasoning that, where wagons were, horses were likely to be, notwithstanding Branlow's positive assurance to the contrary, and the fact that none were in sight, turned aside from his course, in order to give a rapid look in that direction.

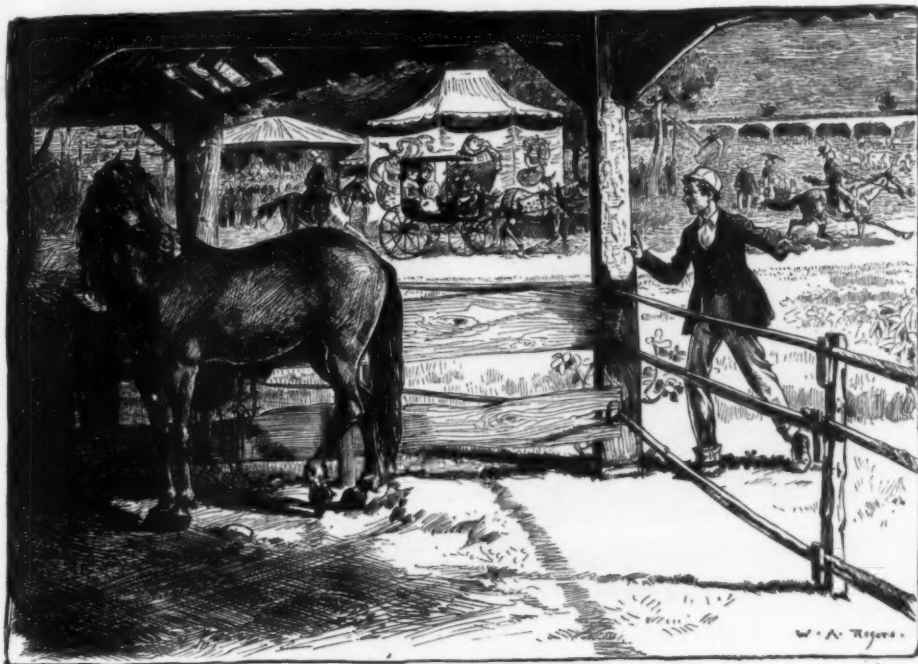
"I can see at the same time if anybody on horseback passes in or out," he said to himself, keeping an eye on the entrance while hastening to the sheds.

These were mostly empty, the great annual cattle-show having dwindled, as Branlow truly ob-

served, to a mere horse-racing affair, with a pretty exhibition of fruits and vegetables and a little live-stock thrown in as additional attractions. A few of the pens were occupied by handsome cattle and noble-looking swine, which no one seemed interested in just then; while Kit saw that the owners of the wagons had taken advantage of the condition of things by slipping their horses

ting in the horses, some of which were loosely harnessed, while the harnesses of others had been stripped off and left in the wagons near by, or thrown across the low partitions of boards dividing the pens.

In the gloom of these low-roofed stalls three or four of the animals looked much alike, and all appeared dark enough to be Dandy Jims



"KIT GAVE A CRY OF JOY: 'DANDY! DANDY JIM!'"

into the least dilapidated of the ancient-looking, unused sheds.

These owners, like almost every one who was not leaving the grounds, were over at the trotting-course. It was quite late, and the sheds were in shadow. Each had two or three bars up, shut-

to the wild-eyed boy peering eagerly over the bars. But at sight of one he gave a cry of joy:

"Dandy! Dandy Jim!"

And the horse gave a quick, low whinny of recognition.

(To be continued.)

ON AN ICE-YACHT.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.



"WIND AGAINST STEAM!—THE BLACK SNORTING ENGINE FALLS BEHIND!" (SEE PAGE 195.)

THE Dalzells again! Not among the rose-gardens of Dalzell Hall, not upon the wide slopes that climb upward from the sea all around Daisy-down, not amid the sweet, wind-blown fragrances of summer or the ripe fruitage of autumn days;—but in snowy, blowy December weather, by the shores of a great river—ice-bound now—that flows through eastern New York to the sea, do we find Ranald, Houghton, and Phil.

You who have read of Molly Arnold's three friends—she had none stauncher, I trow—may be glad to hear from them again.

It was very near Christmas when Miss Molly electrified her family one morning at the breakfast-table with "Papa, I've an idea!"

"What a rarity! Might I inquire what it is?" asked her father, with a smile.

"I want to ask you a favor," added Molly.

"That's not so surprising," exclaimed Mr. Arnold.

"I wish to invite some friends of mine here for the holidays. The Dalzells were very kind to me last summer at Daisydown," continued Molly, hesitating a little.

"They were more than kind," said Mr. Arnold, heartily.

"And I'd like to ask them here," added Molly, making a bold plunge.

Mrs. Arnold calmly put up her eye-glass, and looked fixedly at her daughter. Under the questioning gaze, Molly's enthusiastic certainty of belief in her plan oozed gradually out at her finger-ends. She played with her fork, and sat quite silent, her eyes directed toward her plate.

Mr. Arnold glanced quickly from his wife to his daughter.

"I have heard a great deal about the young Dalzell gentlemen," observed Mrs. Arnold, after a long pause, transferring her attention to her husband. "May I ask your opinion of them?"

"They're very fine boys," said Mr. Arnold, tersely, pushing away his chair. "I'd be happy to see them here."

When Mr. Arnold was about departing downtown, Molly waylaid him with a flying bound from the reception-room.

"Papa!" in a half-whisper, "can the boys come?"

"Oh, I think so," he answered, with an indulgent smile. And Molly rested content.

The next day, Mrs. Arnold graciously condescended to write a kind and pressing invitation for the whole family, Mr. Tripton Dalzell included. She had seen the latter several times—his boys, never. And Mrs. Arnold disliked boys.

Following the invitation and its acceptance, came what seemed at first an unlucky coincidence—a letter from Murat Havemeyer, at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson, proffering them Christmas hospitalities and ICE-YACHTING! if they would but make haste to come up. How Molly's cheeks glowed! Had not she been out in the "Rondina" only the winter before, in a glorious skim, away down below Newburgh? Ice-yachting, indeed!

Then her color faded. For one moment she repented having invited the Dalzell boys. The next, she reddened again, ashamed of her selfishness.

"No, I'm not sorry,—not very. I'm glad they're coming, and I'll do every single thing I can to make it pleasant for them. But oh, I do wish we might have ice-yachting nearer home! It's the finest sport in the world!" she cried.

"Dear me," said Mr. Arnold, "we must see about this. I'm not quite a magician, but I think this state of things might perhaps be remedied. Ice-yachting does not come every day."

And Molly rested in hope,—such confidence had she in her father.

In due time the Dalzells arrived. The Christmas festivities were brilliant indeed; but with them we have naught to do. Nor yet with anything, save the fact that arrangements were somehow

completed by which Ranald, Houghton, Phil, and Molly—the latter attended by Mrs. Arnold's maid—went up to Mr. Havemeyer's at Poughkeepsie, for three or four days.

And now, for the first time since our happy summering, we meet face to face Houghton, Ranald, and Phil. We do not see much change; Houghton is as quiet as ever; Ranald's gray eyes are as shrewdly penetrating; Phil's bluntness seems to have suffered no abatement. He is rather the shyest of the three, just now, for he has not quite got his "bearings"; and young Murat Havemeyer, aged nineteen, is a rather self-sufficient and authoritative young fellow. Phil, watching him, decides in his mind that he does not like young Murat.

But Murat the elder understands boys. That is such a comfort! Before they know it, they are talking to him quite as if they had always known him, and he listens and answers with that imperturbable, jolly good humor of his, the sun reflecting from the kindly depths of his brown eyes, and bringing out tawny glints in his full beard. For they are down by the frozen Hudson, and the "Rondina," swiftest and wariest of ice-swallows, is at hand, ready for a start; and it is a sunshiny Wednesday morning, with a fresh wind and a sting in the air. And Miss Molly's frizzes are particularly fluffy, and her blonde braid hangs to her waist below her snug hood, and she wears a long, close ulster and seal-skin gloves. Every one is buttoned and tied up, excepting Houghton and young Murat, who are not going on this trip.

It can not be said that young Murat is exactly easy in his mind because of the lack of confidence in his skill manifested by his father.

"I'll take the helm to-day, my dear fellow, if you've no objections," Murat the elder has said to him an hour previous. "We've a fresh wind abeam, and I won't risk Miss Molly's precious neck with your mad steering. If Mr. Houghton Dalzell has a mind to ship with you by and by,—at his own peril,—why, I've nothing to say."

So now, Murat, a little sore at this disparagement in Molly's presence, gloomily watches the start.

"Now, Mr. Ranald, if you were aboard a streak of blue lightning, what would you do?" inquires Mr. Havemeyer.

"I think I should—hold on tight," answers Ranald, with a laugh.

"Just what I'd advise you to do to-day," says Mr. Havemeyer, with a bland warning. "I understand from Miss Molly that you and your cousin are excellent sailors." He smiles at Phil.

"I like boating," says Phil, eagerly.

"Does the ice-yacht work like a water-yacht?" inquires Ranald, surveying the queer runners, the

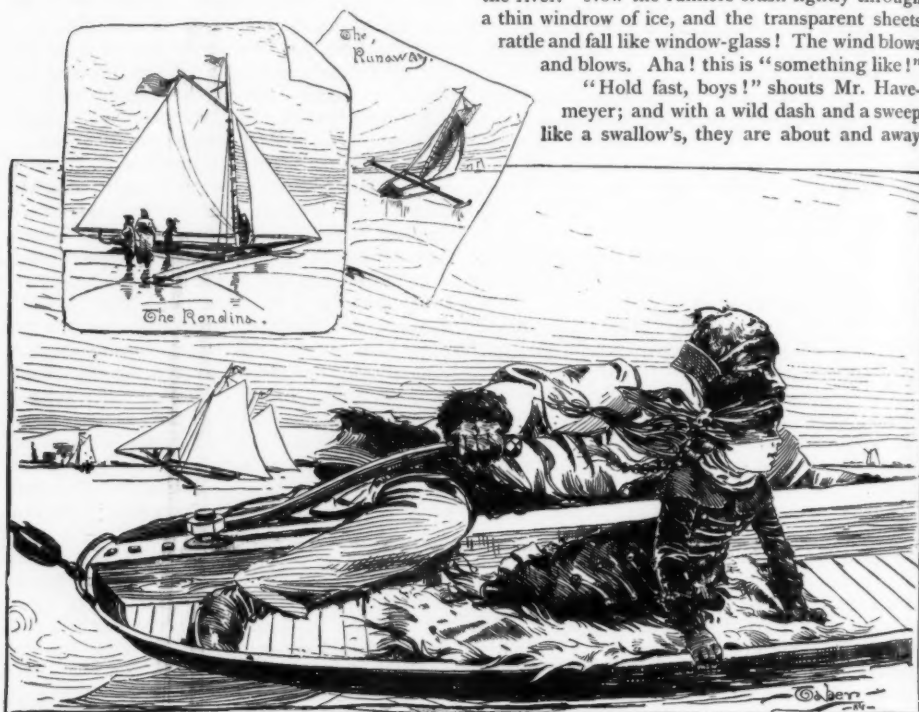
"box" aft, the sheet hauled taut, the jib cast off, and the rudder turned straight across.

"Not precisely," answers Mr. Havemeyer, assisting Miss Molly to her place. "The sails are always trimmed flat aft, unless the wind is too strong; then the boom may be cast off a foot or so. Now, young gentlemen, your safest place is the windward runner. You can hold by the

white, marked here and there with the dark intersection of fence and wall. How the long ice-covered river opens and widens before them!

Now here comes Blue Point, bare and ragged against the steely blue sky; and of a sudden Ranald hears, above the ceaseless whir of the runners, a dull, booming, crack! crack! that runs from under their very feet, seemingly clear across the river. Now the runners crash lightly through a thin windrow of ice, and the transparent sheets rattle and fall like window-glass! The wind blows and blows. Aha! this is "something like!"

"Hold fast, boys!" shouts Mr. Havemeyer; and with a wild dash and a sweep like a swallow's, they are about and away



"THE ROAR AND BUSH OF THE WIND AND THE

SWING AND SWAY OF THE WAYWARD CRAFT."

shrouds. You ballast the windward side nicely. All ready?"

Mr. Havemeyer trims the jib, and Murat the younger swings the stern around and pushes a step or two. The next instant they are on the wing.

Ice-yachting is very new to the Dalzells. The first things Ranald notices are the deserted docks of Poughkeepsie,—the Havemeyer mansion is just above, near the river,—a few sloops, ice-bound, and the smoke of many furnaces, blown straight out in the crisp, cold air.

With what a speed they fly! How clear-cut everything appears in the sharp, winter morning! The headlands are bleak and bare, the fields

on a new tack. How the scene changes! How the headlands fly to meet them! Ranald rubs his eyes with one hand. That was a bare, bleak hill—now it is dotted with evergreens; there is a house among them—it is gone!

"This beats instantaneous photography!" says Phil under his breath. He holds on tightly.

Now, with another sudden, unpremeditated swing they are about again; the crushed ice flies like diamond spray from the runners; the wind whistles through the ropes and sails; the yacht sways and leaps, bounds and heels sideways; it trembles all over, and they feel as if they themselves had wings and were sweeping through space! Molly's cheeks glow, her eyes are ablaze with excitement.

The rudder moves as easily as a straw in Mr. Havemeyer's strong hand; it is wonderful how the wild, wayward thing obeys the slightest touch. Surely it feels—it knows—it is alive!

"Hi!" shouts Ranald, as we flash straight toward a pool of open water, black and still. "Aha!"—But where is the water now? They skim over thin, transparent ice; it cracks; they can see the boiling and bubbling of the confined and swiftly flowing tides. Now, with a sudden bound, the runner strikes a little mound of ice and snow, and whiz! flash! It rears and wheels; the runner is flung on high; Ranald's feet fly out from under him, and he is swung wildly through the air, holding to the shrouds in desperation. When this trapeze performance is ended and he can catch his breath, there is a roar and rush behind them. What next?

The down train! The boys look over their shoulders as the big, black monster shoots past. The whistle blows sharply; there are handkerchiefs waving from the windows. The ice-yacht is just now holding nearly across the river.

"A race! a race, boys!" cries Molly.

She sees the quick turn of Mr. Havemeyer's hand, and with a sheer and a spring they are off after the train.

"Molly, Ranald, this is glorious!" cries Phil, quite carried out of himself. Ranald says nothing, but the gray eyes are all aflame as he looks at Molly. There is a laughing flash from the hazel ones, and she calls out, "Did n't I tell you!"

Now the race—the race, boys! Steam against wind! How they fly! Everything is blurred and melted together and indistinct. The ice is all a bluish white haze, with that diamond sparkle from the runners blazing up.

The windows of the train are filled with heads; they seem to shout at the party on the ice-yacht, who hear only the rush and roar of the wind and the runners. The wind increases; the boat rears higher; the windward runner cuts fiercely through the air, and the crushed ice flies in a shower. Almost up with the train, now; and creeping on!

Will the wind hold? But never fear; this is no flaw, but a steady gale. It seems as if the black train were slowing up; yet no,—it is the yacht which is flying faster, literally on the wings of the wind. And now—a crack in the ice ahead!

Mr. Havemeyer raises himself and scans the ice with eagle eye. An old hand at ice-yachting is he.

"We can do it, I think," he says.

Now, brave "Rondina!" And the train sees the crack, too; the cars seem alive all their long length with heads and gestures and warning

shouts. Do they think everybody is asleep there on that light, flying, feathery wanderer?

The upper edge of the crack is higher by full six inches than the lower; and between swirls the black, treacherous water. They are upon it!

Whiz!—Splash!—as the edge-ice sags and the runner catches the cold tide. There is a wild, tremulous swing and sway, a toss of the windward runner, and the crack is far astern. How the train cheers! And look, now, the black, snorting engine falls behind! Wind against steam! Give them three cheers, boys, and swing your caps, and hold fast while you are about it. The track is clear ahead; the locomotive whistles and snorts and shouts in wild salute at the yacht's victory. Faster, —faster,—till there is only the ring of the runners, the roar and rush of the wind, the tremble and leap and swing and sway of the wayward craft.

But look! What is this that comes wildly careering toward them? A runaway yacht, without a soul aboard! And lo! yonder the careless owners are chasing wildly and ineffectually after it.

They might as well chase the wind. A little thoughtlessness, a little disembarking without letting loose the jib or putting the rudder hard down round,—and now the craft has flown.

There is no swifter thing on earth than an ice-yacht; and Mr. Havemeyer's action is exceedingly prompt.

"We shall have a collision here, next," says he; and then the "Rondina" gives a queer spring and a wild flying sweep that takes Ranald so by surprise that he almost goes through the trapeze performance again. How Molly manages to stay on is a puzzle. Then a sort of sidewise shift in the wind produces a corresponding change in the direction of the runaway, which shoots directly toward them. Ranald says, "Good gracious!" and wonders how it will feel to be shot off into the air on his own hook.

"We must wear or go to smash in two minutes," says Mr. Havemeyer; and with a quick word to Molly, a sharp, "Hold fast there, forward!" the "Rondina" comes around in a lightning-like sweep. Under strong headway, it is an exciting maneuver. They watch the threatening stranger,—it also seems alive, and thirsting to do them mischief; it plunges viciously at them as their windward runner comes down on the ice, and a dexterous turn of the rudder just saves the "Rondina" from disaster. The runaway yacht shoots furiously past, toward the headlands; we go skimming about since the danger is past, and we hear the shock and crash with which it brings up on the rocks ashore, and the spars go by the board.

"So much for carelessness," says Mr. Havemeyer, looking severely at the distant and discouraged

crew. And then they are shooting swiftly back up the river to New Hamburg, which they passed long ago. People are walking across the river on the ice over the track of the ferries; there are also other yachts skimming about here and there; children are sliding in the white coves, and their laughter comes, clear and distinct, through the keen air.

Cold? No one is cold. Excitement keeps them warm. Now back and forth they skim, frightening passing teams with their swift, bird-like flights, shooting close to the verge of quiet little villages stirring under their winter coat of snow. Ah, this is indeed flying! By zigzags and wild stretches they come at last in sight once more of the piers, and sloops, the black smokes, and clustered houses of Poughkeepsie; and after that, all in a minute, as it were, the little cove, the ice-bound pier, and the house among the evergreens on the hill salute our

vision. But now, to "bring to" requires, as Ranald begins to see, a little more maneuvering than he would use in sailing the "Nocturne" in blue water. First the "Rondina" flies away to windward for a great many lengths; then she comes down with the wind, gradually decreasing in speed, until she is fairly in the cove.

Slowly—slowly—"Dear me," says Ranald; "I would n't believe such a trick as *that* could ever stop her!"

There is a slight scrape and jar as Mr. Have-meyer sets the rudder sharp across,—to act as a brake,—and the swallow's flight is ended. And Phil wonders why in the world Molly was n't spilled out; and Ranald declares, as they all walk up the snowy path to meet Houghton and young Murat, that it is the most exciting experience he ever had in his life.



MAISY'S CHRISTMAS.

By C. T.

"I WONDER," cried Maisy, small and fair,
On Christmas eve, as the night shut down,
"How Santa Claus can go everywhere
And find all the stockings in every town!"

She skipped from the window lofty and wide,
And questioning stood at her mother's knee
In the beautiful light of the fireside,—
"Mamma, does he ever forget?" asked she.

"A poor child is begging out there in the storm,
So cold, Mamma, and so pale and thin!
Can't we have her here to get dry and warm?
And may I tell Bessie to bring her in?"

Astonished, the shivering beggar was brought,
And thankfully stood in the fire-light's glow
While Maisy gazed at her, deep in thought.—
"Do you hang up your stocking? I'd like to know!"

"My stocking? I have n't a stocking," she said.
"Oh, dear, kind people, please give to me
For starving Mother a piece of bread;
Too weak to rise from her bed is she."

They gave her stockings, clothes, food and wine,
With fuel to burn and candles to cheer,
And sent her home in a carriage fine,
Quite dumb and breathless with joy and fear.

"Mamma, Mamma," cried Maisy, small,
When the child had gone in her dream of bliss,
"She never has hung up a stocking at all!
She does n't know, even, who Santa Claus is!"

Then she kneeled on the hearth-stone, "O Santa
Claus dear,"
She cried, with her pretty head all in a whirl,
"You need n't bring anything beautiful here;
Please take all my things to that poor little girl!"

And Santa Claus heard what she said, and she hung
No stocking at all by the fire that night.
But up in the morning rejoicing she sprung,
Herself like the sunshine, so cheerful and bright.

Not a trace of a present by bed
or by fire!

The good saint had taken her quite at her word;
And Maisy sweet, having had her desire,
Set up her old play-things, as blithe as a bird.

She played till 't was time to the church
to go;

Then in satin and velvet and fur and plume,
The mother and daughter tripped over the snow,
With red lips smiling and cheeks abloom.

And after the service was over, and out
The people poured from the portal wide;
Her playmates round Maisy pressed about,—
And "What did you get in your stocking?" they cried.

Then answered our Maisy sweet and small,

While her color grew to a deeper red,
"What did *you* get? I got nothing at all!"
"Nothing! She must have been naughty!" they said.

That moment, a beautiful sound in the air!
The blast of a horn, so clear and loud
That it caused all the people to start and stare!—

And a horseman dashed swift past the waiting crowd.

And up to Maisy where she stood,
A little apart from the rest, he spurred;
Dismounted as quickly as ever he could,
And bowed to the ground ere he uttered a word.

Such a splendid messenger, plumed and curled,
Booted and spurred, with a sword so grand!
There never was such a surprise in the world;

And what do you think he held in his hand



Tied up with ribbons?—Such trinkets and toys,

(Oh, the snow-birds fluttered news!)
to hear the

A music-box, and of joys,

And the dearest dolly, with pointed shoes!

"Good Santa Claus sent me," he said, and he smiled,

"To bring you some presents and wish you delight;

He did what you asked for the poor little child,
But it made him too late for your stocking last night!"

MIKKEL. III.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

FOR about four months all went well at the parsonage. So long as Mikkel was confined in the stable he behaved himself with perfect propriety, and, occasionally, when he was (by special permission) taken into the house to play with the children, he won golden opinions for himself by his cunning tricks, and became, in fact, a great favorite in the nursery. When the spring came and the sun grew warm, his kennel was, at Thor's request, moved out into the yard, where he could have the benefit of the fine spring weather. There he could be seen daily lying in the sun, with half-closed eyes, resting his head on his paws, seeming too drowsy and comfortable to take notice of anything. The geese and hens, which were at first a trifle suspicious, gradually grew accustomed to his presence, and often strayed within range of Mikkel's chain, and even within reach of his paws; but it always happened that on such occasions either the pastor or his wife was near, and Mikkel knew enough to be aware that goose was forbidden fruit. But one day (it was just after dinner, when the pastor was taking his nap), it happened that a great fat gander, prompted by a pardonable curiosity, stretched his neck a little too far toward the sleeping Mikkel; when, quick as a wink and wide-awake, Mr. Mikkel jumped up, and before he knew it, the gander found himself minus his head. Very cautiously the culprit peered about, and seeing no one near, he rapidly dug a hole under his kennel and concealed his victim there, covering it well with earth, until a more favorable opportunity should present itself for making a meal of it. Then he lay down, and stretched himself in the sun as before, and seemed too sleepy even to open his eyes; and when, on the following day, the gander was missed, the innocent demeanor of Mikkel so completely imposed upon every one, that he was not even suspected. Not even when the second and the third goose disappeared could any reasonable charge be brought against Mikkel.

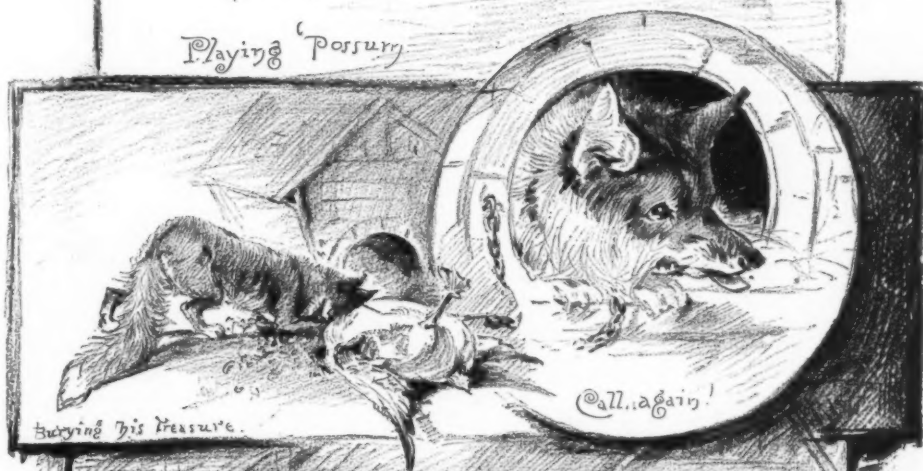
When the summer vacation came, however, the even tenor of Mikkel's existence was rudely interrupted by the arrival of the parson's oldest son, Finn, who was a student in Christiana, and his dog Achilles. Achilles was a handsome brown pointer, that, having been brought up in the city, had never been accustomed to look upon the fox as a domestic animal. He, there-

fore, spent much of his time in harassing Mikkel, making sudden rushes for him when he thought him asleep; but always returning from these exploits shamefaced and discomfited, for Mikkel was always a great deal too clever to be taken by surprise. He would lie perfectly still until Achilles was within a foot of him, and then, with remarkable alertness, he would slip into the kennel, through his door, where the dog's size would not permit him to follow; and the moment his enemy turned his tail to him, Mikkel's face would appear, bland and smiling, at the door, as if to say:

"Good-bye! Call again whenever you feel like it. Now, don't you wish you were as clever as I am?"

And yet in spite of his daily defeats, Achilles could never convince himself that his assaults upon Mikkel brought him no glory. Perhaps his master, who did not like Mikkel any too well, encouraged him in his enmity, for it is certain that the assaults grew fiercer daily. And at last, one day when the young student was standing in the yard, holding his dog by the collar while exciting him against the half-sleeping fox, Achilles ran with such force against the kennel that he upset it. Alas! For then the evidence of Mikkel's misdemeanors came to light. From the door-hole of the rolling kennel a heap of goose-feathers flew out, and were scattered in the air; and, what was worse, a little "dug-out" became visible, filled with bones and bills and other indigestible articles, unmistakably belonging to the goose's anatomy. Mikkel, who was too wise to leave the kennel so long as it was in motion, now peeped cautiously out, and he took in the situation at a glance. Mr. Finn, the student, who thought that Mikkel's skin would look charming as a rug before his fire-place in the city, was overjoyed to find out what a rascal this innocent-looking creature had been; for he knew well enough that his father would now no longer oppose his desire for the crafty little creature's skin. So he went into the house, loaded his rifle, and prepared himself as executioner.

But at that very moment, Thor chanced to be coming home from an errand; and he had hardly entered the yard, when he sniffed danger in the air. He knew, without asking, that Mikkel's doom was sealed. For the parson was a great poultry-fancier and was said to be more interested in his ganders than he was in his children. Therefore,



without waiting for further developments, Thor unhooked Mikkel's chain, lifted the culprit in his arms, and slipped him into the bosom of his waist-

coat. Then he stole up to his garret, gathered his clothes in a bundle, and watched his chance to escape from the house unnoticed. And while Master Finn and his dog were hunting high and low

for Mikkel in the barns and stables, Thor was hurrying away over the fields, every now and then glancing anxiously behind him, and nearly smothering Mikkel in his efforts to keep him concealed, lest Achilles should catch his scent. But Mikkel had his own views on that subject, and was not to be suppressed; and just as his master was congratulating himself on their happy escape, they heard the deep baying of a dog, and saw Achilles, followed by the student with his gun, tracking them in fierce pursuit. Thor, whose only hope was to reach the fiord, redoubled his speed, skipped across fences, walls, and stiles, and ran so fast that earth and stones seemed to be flying in the other direction. Yet Achilles's baying was coming nearer and nearer, and was hardly twenty feet distant by the time the boy had flung himself into a boat, and with four vigorous oar-strokes had shot out into the water. The dog leaped after him, but was soon beyond his depth, and the high breakers flung him back upon the beach.

"Come back at once," cried Finn, imperiously. "It is not your boat. If you don't obey, I'll have you arrested."

Thor did not answer, but rowed with all his might.

"If you take another stroke," shouted the student furiously, leveling his gun, "I'll shoot both you and your thievish fox."

It was meant only for intimidation; but where Mikkel's life was at stake, Thor was not easily frightened.

"Shoot away," he cried, thinking that he was now at a safe distance, and that the student's marksmanship was none of the best. But before he realized what he had said, whiz! went a bullet over his head. A stiff gale was blowing, and the little boat was tossed like a foot-ball on the incoming and the outgoing waves; but the plucky lad struggled on bravely, until he hove alongside a fishing schooner, which was to sail the next morning for Drontheim. Fortunately the skipper needed a deck hand, and Thor was promptly engaged. The boat which had helped him to escape was found later and towed back to shore by a fisherman.

III.

HOW MIKKEL MAKES HIS FORTUNE.

IN Drontheim, which is a large commercial city on the western coast of Norway, Thor soon found occupation as office-boy in a bank, which did business under the name of C. P. Lyng & Co. He was a boy of an open, fearless countenance, and with a

frank and winning manner. Mr. Lyng, at the time when Thor entered his employ, had just separated from his partner, Mr. Tulstrup, because the latter had defrauded the firm and several of its customers. Mr. Lyng had papers in his safe which proved Mr. Tulstrup's guilt, but he had contented himself with dismissing him from the firm, and had allowed him to take the share of the firm's property to which he was legally entitled. The settlement, however, had not satisfied Mr. Tulstrup, and he had, in order to revenge himself, gone about to the various customers, whom he had himself defrauded, and persuaded them to commence suit against Mr. Lyng, whom he represented as being the guilty party. He did not at that time know that Mr. Lyng had gained possession of the papers which revealed the real authors of the fraud. On the contrary, he flattered himself that he had destroyed every trace of his own fraudulent transactions.

The fact that Mr. Lyng belonged to a family which had always been distinguished in business and social circles for its integrity and honor only whetted Tulstrup's desire to destroy his good name, and having laid his plans carefully, he anticipated an easy triumph over honest Mr. Lyng. His dismay, therefore, was very great when, after the suit had been commenced in the courts, he learned that it was his own name and liberty which were in danger, and not those of his former partner. Mr. Tulstrup, in spite of the position he had occupied, was a desperate man, and was capable, under such circumstances, of resorting to desperate remedies. But, like most Norwegians, he had a streak of superstition in his nature, and cherished an absurd belief in signs and omens, in lucky and unlucky days, and in specters and apparitions, foreboding death or disaster. Mr. Tulstrup's father had believed in such things, and it had been currently reported among the peasantry that he had been followed by a spectral fox, which some asserted to be his wraith, or double. This fox, it was said, had frequently been seen during the old man's lifetime, and when he once saw it himself he was frightened nearly out of his wits. Superstitious stories of this kind are so common in Norway that one can hardly spend a month in any country district without hearing dozens of them. The belief in a *fylgia*, or wraith in the shape of an animal, dates far back into antiquity, and figures largely in the sagas, or ancient legends of the Northland.

It has already been told that Thor had obtained a position as office-boy in Mr. Lyng's bank; and it was more owing to the boy's winning appearance than to any fondness for foxes on Mr. Lyng's part, that Mikkel also was engaged. It was arranged that a cushion whereupon Mikkel might sleep

should be put behind the stove in the back office. At first Mikkel endured his captivity here with great fortitude; but he did not like it, and it was plain that he was pining for the parsonage and his kennel in the free air, and the pleasant companionship of the geese, and the stupid Achilles. Thor then obtained permission to have him walk about unchained, and the clerks, who admired his graceful form and dainty ways, soon grew very fond of him, and stroked him caressingly, as he promenaded along the counter, or seated himself

them, can not afford the luxury of giving way to them.

C. P. Lyng & Co's bank was a solid, old-fashioned business house which the clerks entered as boys and where they remained all their lives. Mr. Barth, the cashier, had occupied his present desk for twenty-one years and had spent nine years more in inferior positions. He was now a stout little man of fifty, with close-cropped, highly respectable side-whiskers and thin gray hair, which was made to cover his crown by the aid of a small



"WITH HIS LUMINOUS FACE AND BODY, AND A HALO OF PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT ROUND ABOUT HIM, HE WAS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

on their shoulders, inspecting their accounts with critical eyes. Thor was very happy to see his friend petted, though he had an occasional twinge of jealousy when Mikkel made himself too agreeable to old Mr. Barth, the cashier, or kissed young Mr. Dreyer, the assistant book-keeper. Such faithlessness on Mikkel's part was an ill return for all the sacrifices Thor had made for him; and yet, hard as it was, it had to be borne. For an office-boy can not afford to have emotions, or, if he has

comb. This comb, which was fixed above his right ear and held the straggling locks together, was a source of great amusement to the clerks, who made no end of witticisms about it. But Mr. Barth troubled himself very little about their poor puns, and sat serenely poring over his books and packages of bank-bills from morning till night. He prided himself above all on his regularity, and it was said that he had never been one minute too late or too early during the thirty years he had been in Mr.

Lyng's bank; accordingly, he had little patience with the shortcomings of his subordinates, and fined and punished them in various ways, if they were but a moment tardy; for the most atrocious of all crimes, in Mr. Barth's opinion, was tardiness. The man who suffered most from his severity was Mr. Dreyer, the assistant book-keeper. Mr. Dreyer was a good-looking young man, and very fond of society; and it happened sometimes that, on the morning after a ball, he would sleep rather late. He had long rebelled in silence against Mr. Barth's tyranny, and when he found that his dissatisfaction was shared by many of the other clerks, he conceived a plan to revenge himself on his persecutor. To this end a conspiracy was formed among the younger clerks, and it was determined to make Mikkel the agent of their vengeance.

It was well known by the clerks that Mr. Barth was superstitious and afraid in the dark; and it was generally agreed that it would be capital fun to give him a little fright. Accordingly the following plan was adopted: a bottle of the oil of phosphorus was procured and Mikkel's fur was thoroughly rubbed with it, so that in the dark the whole animal would be luminous. At five minutes before five, some one should go down in the cellar and turn off the gas, just as the cashier was about to enter the back office to lock up the safe. Then, when the illuminated Mikkel glared out on him from a dark corner, he would probably shout or faint or cry out, and then all the clerks should rush sympathetically to him and render him every assistance.

Thus the plan was laid, and there was a breathless, excited stillness in the bank when the hour of five approached. It had been dark for two hours, and the clerks sat on their high stools, bending silently over their desks, scribbling away for dear life. Promptly at seven minutes before five, uprose Mr. Barth and gave the signal to have the books closed; then, to the unutterable astonishment of the conspirators, he handed the key of the safe to Mr. Dreyer (who knew the combination), and told him to lock the safe and return the key. At that very instant, out went the gas; and Mr. Dreyer, although he was well prepared, could himself hardly master his fright at Mikkel's frightful appearance. He struck a match, lighted a wax taper (which was used for sealing letters), and tremblingly locked the safe; then, abashed and discomfited, he advanced to the cashier's desk and handed him the key.

"Perhaps, you would have the kindness, Mr. Dreyer," said Mr. Barth calmly, "to write a letter of complaint to the gas company before you go home. It will never do in the world to have such

things happen. I suppose there must be water in the pipes."

The old man buttoned his overcoat up to his chin and marched out; whereupon a shout of laughter burst forth, in which Mr. Dreyer did not join. He could not see what they found to laugh at, he said. It took him a long while to compose his letter of complaint to the gas company.

Mikkel in the meanwhile was feeling very uncomfortable. He could not help marveling at his extraordinary appearance. He rubbed himself against chairs and tables and found to his astonishment that he made everything luminous that he touched. He had never known any respectable fox which possessed this accomplishment, and he felt sure that in some way something was wrong with him. He could not sleep, but walked restlessly about on the desks and counters, bristled with anger at the slightest sound, and was miserable and excited. He could not tell how far the night had advanced when he heard a noise in the back office (which fronted upon the court-yard) as if a window were being opened. His curiosity was aroused and he walked sedately across the floor; then he stopped for a moment to compose himself, for he was well aware that what he saw was something extraordinary. A man with a dark-lantern in his hand was kneeling before the safe with a key in his hand. Mikkel advanced a little further and paused in a threatening attitude on the threshold of the door. With his luminous face and body, and a halo of phosphorescent light round about him, he was terrible to behold. He gave a little snort, at which the man turned quickly about. But no sooner had he caught sight of the illuminated Mikkel than he flung himself on his knees before the little animal, and with clasped hands and a countenance wild with fear exclaimed: "O, I know who thou art! Pardon me, pardon me! Thou art my father's spectral fox! I know thee, I know thee!"

Mikkel had never suspected that he was anything so terrible; but, as he saw that the man was bent on mischief, he did not think it worth while to contradict him. He only curved his back and bristled, until the man, beside himself with terror, made a rush for the window and leaped out into the court-yard. Then Mikkel, thinking that he had had excitement enough for one night, curled himself up on his cushion behind the stove and went to sleep.

The next morning, when Mr. Barth arrived, he found a window in the back office broken, and the door of the safe wide open. On the floor lay a bundle of papers, all relating to the transactions of Tulstrup while a member of the firm, and, moreover, a hat, marked on the inside with Tulstrup's name, was found on a chair.

On the same day, Mr. Lyng was summoned to the bedside of his former partner, who made a full confession, and offered to return through him the money which he had fraudulently acquired. His leg was broken and he seemed otherwise shattered in body and mind. It had been his purpose, he said, to drive Mr. Lyng from the firm in disgrace, and he was sure he could have accomplished it, if Providence itself had not interfered. But, incredible as it seemed, he had seen a luminous animal in the bank, and he felt convinced that it was his father's spectral fox. It was well enough to smile at such things and call them childish; but he had certainly seen, he said, a wonderful, shining fox.

Mr. Lyng did not attempt to convince Mr. Tulstrup that he was wrong. He took the money and distributed it among those who had suffered by

Mr. Tulstrup's frauds, and thus many needy people—widows and industrious laborers—regained their hard-earned property, and all because Mikkell's skin was luminous. When Mr. Lyng heard the whole story from Mr. Dreyer, he laughed heartily and long. But from that day he took a warm interest in Thor and his fox, and sent the former to school and later to the university, where he made an honorable name for himself by his talents and industry.

Poor Mikkell is now almost gray, and his teeth are so blunt that he has to have his food minced before he can eat it. But he still occupies a soft rug behind the stove in the student's room, and Thor hopes he will live long enough to be introduced to his master's wife. For it would be a pity if she were not to know him to whom her husband owes his position, and she, accordingly, hers.



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FANCHON'S GERMAN.

BY ELEANOR PUTNAM.

OF course her name was not really Fanchon, for she was a real little American girl, and proud enough to be one, too. But very early in her career, it became evident that Frances was far too stately a name for the little yellow-haired damsel; and Fanny was ordinary, and Aunt Maria disapproved of ordinary names; and Frank was masculine, and Papa abominated anything masculine about a woman; so when Uncle Bob, just returned from Paris, called the pretty fairy "Fanchon," the family took it up at once, and Fanchon she was and is and will be to the end of the chapter.

They all were upstairs in Fanchon's pretty parlor one winter afternoon: Helen Lawrence, Catherine Motte, and Amy Van Horne, Eleanor Bowditch, Jessica Cabot, and Fanchon herself, all six of them intimate, particular and bosom friends from their kindergarten days.

"Four o'clock," said Jessie Cabot, "and all done at last; but how we have worked, girls!"

Jessie Cabot was as lazy as a luxurious yellow kitten, and looked not so very unlike one, as she nestled in her low chair by the fire, with her round little face, sleepy eyes, and fuzzy lemon-colored hair.

"You all have worked like Trojans," said the pretty hostess Fanchon. "I could never have done it all without you."

She was pouring chocolate from the most charming turquoise blue pot ever seen, and the girls were sitting about in various graceful attitudes, resting from their labor, and refreshing themselves with a nourishing repast of macaroons, lady's-fingers, and bonbons.

The "work" lay on a broad, low table by the window,—such a heap of brilliant, useless things!

Coquettish little slippers of gold and silver; shining fish and birds; delicate butterflies with glittering wings; fairy trunks of pink satin and portmanteaux of blue silk; rose-colored glasses; ivory canes; silver pipes and golden umbrellas,—everything that was frail and useless and extravagant. In short, these were the favors for Fanchon's german, and the girls had been working like bees, filling the fanciful *bonbonnières*, putting ribbons on the ribbonless, writing the character cards, and dividing the masculine favors from the feminine.

"Four days to wait, girls; won't it seem like an age!" said Catherine Motte, a curly haired, gray-eyed elf. As she spoke, she waltzed slowly down the room and stopped by a window.

"Arthur Winslow dances as slowly as that," she said. "I like to dance with Will Everett ever so much better; he goes like the wind. I do like to dance rapidly."

"I don't," drawled Jessie Cabot; "the slower the better for me."

"I should like to go to a german every single evening," announced Helen Lawrence, nibbling a macaroon. "Let's see; four days. Sunday, Monday,—positively, girls, nothing but cooking-class, the Stanleys' musicale, and the matinée on Wednesday. Not a step of dancing until Fanchon's german. How can we wait?"

"What music shall you have, Fanchon?" asked Amy Van Horne; "shall you have 'Brimmer's Six'?"

"Papa has promised me Snaphausen," replied Fanchon, demurely, though her dimples would show a bit, for very joy.

Who would n't be glad to have Snaphausen and his wonderful men to play for one's german? Snaphausen, who composed such glorious dance music; who would not play for every one, not he; who needed coaxing and teasing, not to mention a fee of one hundred and fifty good dollars.

He had nodded his shaggy old head and promised to play for Fanchon. No wonder she smiled and dimpled.

There was a perfect chorus of delight and envy from the girls.

"Snaphausen! That lovely Hulbert Snaphausen, and *all* his men!"

"Fanchon, you spoilt child!"

"You lucky girl!"

"Is there anything that Fanchon's father will not do for her?"

"O, Fanchon, you'll throw my poor little german into the shade, indeed!"

"Mine, too; let me hide my diminished head somewhere. I was so puffed up with my 'Brimmer's Six.'"

"Well, girls," said Fanchon, making herself heard with difficulty. "You know, Papa always promised me a nice coming-out party."

But though she tried to be modest, Fanchon knew, and the rest knew, that though they were friends, these bosom six, there *was* a bit of rivalry among them in regard to these first parties of theirs. It was their first society winter, for they had left Miss Leighton's school only the June before.

"How lovely it will be!" sighed Eleanor Bow-

ditch, in rapture. She was sitting in the window seat, apparently absorbed in admiring her exquisite, steel-embroidered slippers. Presently she frowned.

"O, Fanchon," she said, "here is a horrid little beggar going to play something dreadful on a violin. She's looking up here; shall I shake my head?"

"Why, no," said Fanchon, going idly up to the window; "let her play. I don't mind. Do you?"

"Cover your ears," cried Eleanor, who was musical and sang like a lark; "cover your ears, girls. Prepare for 'Silver Threads Among the Gold!'"

The player, a poor pinched creature with eyes of unnatural size, glanced up at the house, rested her chin on her poor violin, and began to play.

It was not "Silver Threads Among the Gold," but a plaintive, simple little air, quite new to the hearers. Almost a wail it was, and seemed to express in music such cold and hunger and desolation, that the pretty smiling group at the upper window became quite sober all at once.

As soon, however, as the sad air came to an end, the player's face brightened, she tuned her violin, and suddenly swept into a swinging waltz, so gay and so entrancing, that Amy and Catherine seized each other and whirled madly away quite to the other end of the room.

"How can she play so well? Where did she learn? And on such a poor violin!" exclaimed Helen Lawrence.

"How dreadfully cold she must be!" exclaimed Jessie Cabot, with a shudder.

It was indeed a bitter day, with an eager, penetrating wind, which cared not a snap for the cotton gown and thin little shawl of the poor musician.

"Excuse me just a minute, girls," said Fanchon; "I'm going down."

The girls declared that it was nearly dinner-time, and they must be going, so they trooped across the hall to Fanchon's chamber.

Fanchon ran downstairs to give some small coins to the little player. As she opened the door, a keen blast rushed in, leaving her almost breathless.

"How horrible!" said Fanchon; "I should think she would die. She shall be warm for once, anyhow," and she sent her around to the kitchen.

Down the broad stairs came the girls, as charming as pinks and roses, smiling and comely in their sealskin, and plush, and velvet, and nodding plumes. What did they care for the wind? He might blow twice as fiercely as now, and they would still be warm and rosy.

"Thursday night!" they called out gayly. "Good-bye, Fanchon; remember the german!"

Fanchon smiled and nodded. The stony-faced

footman closed the door, and Fanchon paced the hall a minute, with her forehead puckered into a frown.

"It was just one of my crazy performances," she said. "Now that I have got her in, I don't know what to do with her, I'm sure, and Helen is waiting upstairs. I'll ask Aunt Maria if—no, Aunt Maria has the 'Associated Charities' in the parlor, and can not be bothered by a beggar. There! I must go down and see her myself. I can give her my old ulster, if I can't do anything else."

Fifteen minutes later, Fanchon came up into the little parlor where Helen Lawrence was waiting.

"I'm afraid you'll never forgive me, dear," she said breathlessly, "for leaving you so long. I know I'm horribly rude."

"I believe I was almost asleep," replied Helen, drowsily. "The wind and the fire make me stupid. What is it? Have the girls just gone?"

"O, no," said Fanchon; "they went long ago. I was downstairs talking with that Italian girl. Do you remember the man who was killed last month in the elevator at Warner's? This is his daughter; and the Warners never have done a thing for her, and her mother is dead, too!"

"I remember," answered Helen, yawning, "Papa said the Warners behaved badly about that; but Bennett has had new horses this year, and Kate and Julia have gone abroad, so I suppose they feel rather poor."

"But what will become of the girl?" asked Fanchon.

"That's a conundrum," returned Helen, lightly; "there are so many such people, you know."

She knelt down on the rug and began to feed Psyche, the silken-eared King Charles spaniel, with bits of macaroon.

Fanchon's heart gave a swift little throb of doubt. They came rather often, these throbs, when she talked with Helen. Fanchon was so proud of her. She was such a brilliant and beautiful Helen, such a queen among the girls; and then—she was Jack Lawrence's sister. Fanchon did wish to believe Helen quite perfect, and yet—sometimes—

Fanchon's eyes roved almost guiltily about the room.

Such a dear, little, frivolous room; all blue and ash and silver; with silky white rugs; distracting cabinets of bronze and china and carved ivory, sent home from China by Uncle Bob; her own piano; her dainty desk, her beloved books and pictures—then—*that girl*. The picture of the little girl would keep coming up in her mind.

"She slept in a hogshead on India wharf one night, Nell," said Fanchon aloud, at last.

"Who did?" asked Helen, trying to induce Psyche to beg.

"That Italian girl. Carlotta, her name is."

"O!" said Helen. "Psyche, you witch, beg, or you shall not have it."

"There 's an institute at Bingham," began Fanchon, "a sort of home for girls. You pay a hundred dollars, and that admits one girl; and she is kept and taught until she can earn her own living. They teach cooking and needle-work and everything useful. Aunt Maria is a trustee."

"What a horrible place!" said Helen devoutly. "Fanchon, dear, your favors are just perfect. They never cost less than thirty dollars, you extravagant little sinner. And then Snaphausen! Your party will outshine all the others. Is n't it nearly dinner-time? Let 's go into your room and brush our bangs."

It snowed the next day, and the wind blew in stormy gusts, driving the white flakes in sheets before it.

Fanchon could not go to church. She stood by the window and watched the storm; she teased the sleepy dog; she wandered restlessly about the house from room to room.

"I can not do it," she said, stopping and resting her arms on the low mantel in her own parlor. "Why should I do it? It is my birthday, and Papa is willing. What would the girls say? I told them yesterday I should have Snaphausen. How strange they will think it! And then perhaps it is too late, anyway. Snaphausen may make us pay just the same, if we break our engagement. I do not believe Papa can find him another for that same evening. Oh, dear!"

She looked a moment in gloomy silence at the cupid that, in a gilded swing, pretended to be the pendulum of her little mantel-clock.

It was to be her first "real grown-up party." Jessie Cabot had given the opening german of the season, and had lovely silver filagree bouquet-holders and *boutonnieres* for favors.

Amey Van Horne had followed with "Brimmer's Six," quite eclipsing Jessie's two violins and piano. Now it was Fanchon's turn, and she had it in her power to eclipse them all with the great Snaphausen himself, and garlands of *bon silene* rosebuds, instead of ribbons, for the ribbon figure,—her own dainty device.

Could she,—should she give it all up? No, it was really too hard; she could not do it. What could she say to the girls and Helen?

Then Jack Lawrence would say she was odd, as he did when she picked up the scattered corn-balls for the old woman on the Common. She could not bear to have Jack Lawrence call her odd again. There was Aunt Maria; and Aunt Maria would

call her a strange child, and wonder what "our set" would say. Then Papa,—who knew whether he approved, or thought her silly and quixotic, when he said, "Do just as you please," with that queer twinkle in his eye? After all, there were people enough to help the Italian. Why should Fanchon care?—she was not responsible.

And just then, by some strange chance, there flashed through Fanchon's mind that old bitter question, the question of Cain before the Lord, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Fanchon sat down upon the silky rug, laid her head upon a chair-cushion, and cried with hearty good-will.

Such a pretty picture as it was! The long, well-lighted room, with the candles reflected in twinkles and sparkles in the beautiful polished floor; the bank of palms and ferns which filled the window at the end; the pretty girls in filmy gowns of white and rose and blue; and, flying lightly down the middle of the floor, six blithe young couples whirling away with merry feet to the sound of the *Morgenblatter* waltz.

It was a very good waltz and well played, with plenty of swing and *verve* to it to set the young pulses beating and the young feet flying, but it was not Snaphausen and his twelve merry men who played it.

It was a thin-faced, dark-eyed Italian girl, in a gray gown of Fanchon's.

She played as if she were bewitched and could never stop nor tire. Beside her, at the piano, a young man in glasses hammered out the time, in unceasing one, two, three, after the fashion of the professional accompanist.

That was all the music. Fanchon's german had come to this. Her music was even less than Jessie Cabot's, and she was now certain that her party would be eclipsed by every other one given by the "intimate six," as Jack Lawrence called them.

Yet, after all, Fanchon did not mind it so much.

It was certainly unpleasant when Aunt Maria said that she hoped "their set" would not call her father "money-mean"; and it really made her cringe when she saw Minnie Harcourt and Bella Douglass raise their eyebrows and exchange significant little smiles when they saw the musicians.

But it was not so very bad when the first was over. Fanchon was so busy with her duties as hostess, seeing that plain Susie Boyd did not go favorless, and that somebody took pity upon Donald McArthur, who was so sadly conscious of his feet and hands, that she had no time to think upon her own woes.

Somebody—could it have been Papa?—had told Helen all about it, and Helen had told the girls.

Amy and Jessie pressed Fanchon's hands in the "right and left" figure and whispered that she was "just elegant." Helen, her own beautiful Helen, beamed upon her and said softly:

"Fanchon, I wish I were worth half as much as one of your little fingers."

her yellow hair in a flying mist, drew Fanchon into the dance, and who could stop to think any longer of sacrifices or Italian girls or industrial schools, while weaving mystic figures and whirling madly down the room with Will Everett, and five gay young couples following after?

They said afterward, when they talked it over,— "the girls" who went to make up Fanchon's little world,—that it was the finest party of the season, the very finest.

They said it still, after Eleanor Bowditch had beautiful monogram lockets for favors, and even after Catherine Motte actually had Snaphausen, with a wonderful new waltz which he composed specially for the occasion.

Fanchon took none of the credit to herself. She did wish people would stop praising her.

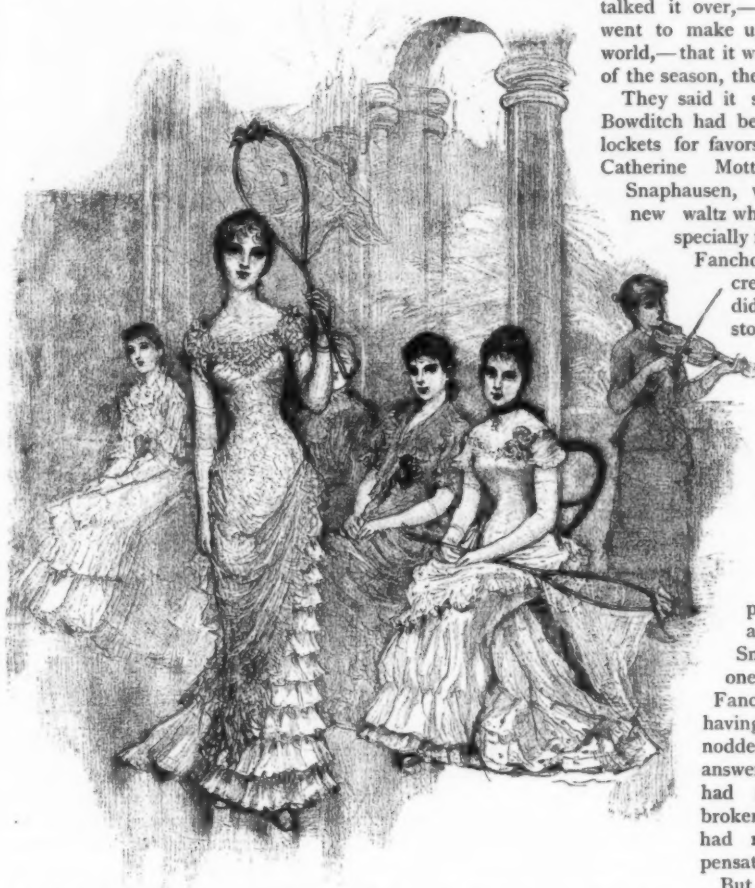
The girl, Carlotta, had gone to the pleasant country school, and Fanchon would like the whole thing to be forgotten, and never mentioned again.

The queerest part of the whole affair was about old Snaphausen. Some one had told him why Fanchon had given up having him, and he had nodded gravely and answered "So?" He had not minded the broken engagement, and had refused any compensation for it.

But at Catherine Motte's party he played a new waltz, and Catherine could not help pluming herself a trifle. It was not every girl who had a delicious Snaphausen waltz composed all in her honor.

"What do you call it, Herr Snaphausen?" called out Will Everett, as he swept by with Fanchon; "have you named it yet?"

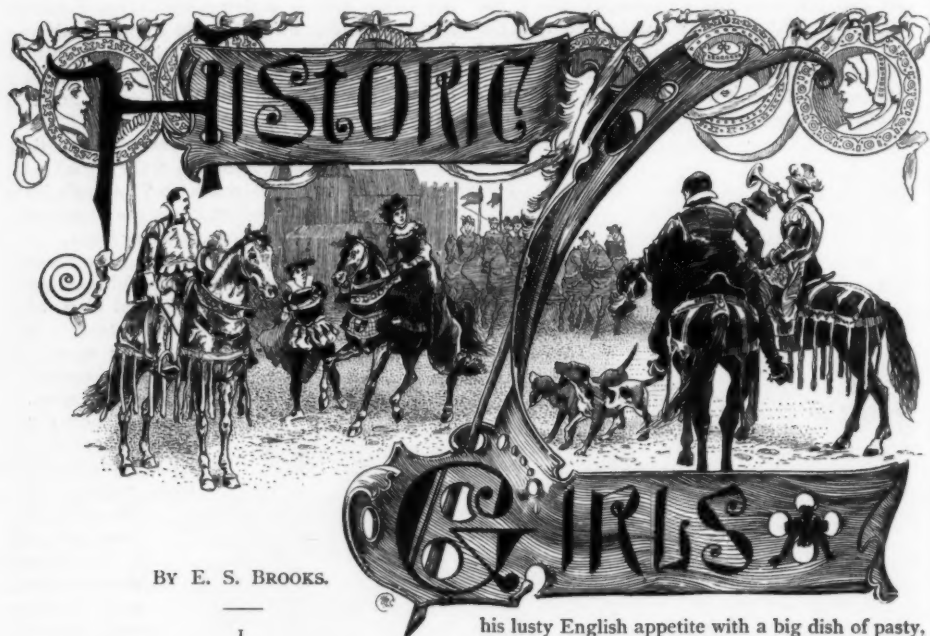
The German beamed above his blinking glasses, and nodded his shaggy head. "Ach, yes," he answered rhythmically, "ach, yes; surely she haf a name; she is called the 'Fanchon Waltzen!' So!"



And Jack Lawrence, that charming Harvard sophomore, when he seated her after a breathless, delicious whirl, said bluntly, with honest admiration in his eyes: "You are a trump, Miss Fanchon! I wish there were more girls like you."

Poor Fanchon flushed as pink as a rose. It was, after all, such a very little thing, and how much they were all making of it! Why, some girls would never have hesitated an instant, and what a sacrifice she had thought she was making!

Just then Jessie Cabot, in gauzy blue tulle, with



BY E. S. BROOKS.

I.

ELIZABETH OF TUDOR: THE GIRL OF THE
HERTFORD MANOR.

[*Afterward Queen Elizabeth of England; the "Good Queen Bess."*]

A. D. 1548.

THE iron-shod hoofs of the big gray courser rang sharply on the frozen ground, as, beneath the creaking boughs of the long-armed oaks, Launcelot Crue, the Lord Protector's fleetest courser-man, galloped across the Hertford fells or hills, and reined up his horse within the great gates of Hatfield manor-house.

"From the Lord Protector," he said; and Master Avery Mitchell, the feodary,† who had been closely watching for this same courser-man for several anxious hours, took from his hands a scroll, on which was inscribed:

"*To Avery Mitchell, feodary of the Wards in Herts, at Hatfield House. From the Lord Protector, THESE:*"

And next, the courser-man, in secrecy, unscrewed one of the bullion buttons on his buff jerkin, and taking from it a scrap of paper, handed this also to the watchful feodary. Then, his mission ended, he repaired to the buttery to satisfy

his lusty English appetite with a big dish of pasty, followed by ale and "wardens" (as certain hard pears, used chiefly for cooking, were called in those days), while the cautious Avery Mitchell, unrolling the scrap of paper, read:

"*In secrecy, THESE: Under guise of mummers place a half-score good men and true in your Yule-tide maskyng. Well armed and safely conditioned. They will be there who shall command. Look for the green dragon of Wantley. On your allegiance. This from ye wit who."*

Scarcely had the feodary read, reread, and then destroyed this secret and singular missive, when the "Ho! hollo!" of Her Grace the Princess's outriders rang on the crisp December air, and there galloped up to the broad door-way of the manor-house a gayly costumed train of lords and ladies, with huntsmen and falconers and yeomen following on behind. Central in the group, flushed with her hard gallop through the wintry air, a young girl of fifteen, tall and trim in figure, sat her horse with the easy grace of a practiced and confident rider. Her long velvet habit was deeply edged with fur, and both kirtle and head-gear were of a rich purple tinge, while from beneath the latter just peeped a heavy coil of sunny, golden hair. Her face was fresh and fair, as should be that of any young girl of fifteen, but its expression was rather that of high spirits and

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† An old English term for the guardian of "certain wards of the state,"—young persons under guardianship of the government.



"WITHOUT YOUR HELP, MY LORDS! WITHOUT YOUR HELP!"

of heedless and impetuous moods than of simple maidenly beauty.

"Tilly-vally, my lord," she cried, dropping her bridle-rein into the hands of a waiting groom, "'t was my race to-day, was it not? Odds fish, man!" she called out sharply to the attendant groom; "be ye easier with Roland's bridle there. One beast of his gentle mettle were worth a score

of clumsy varlets like to you! Well, said I not right, my Lord Admiral; is not the race fairly mine, I ask?" and, careless in act as in speech, she gave the Lord Admiral's horse, as she spoke, so sharp a cut with her riding-whip as to make the big brute rear in sudden surprise, and almost unhorse its rider, while an unchecked laugh came from its fair tormentor.

"Good faith, Mistress," answered Sir Thomas Seymour, the Lord High Admiral, gracefully swallowing his exclamation of surprise, "your ladyship hath fairly won, and, sure, hath no call to punish both myself and my good Selim here by such unwarranted chastisement. Will your grace dismount?"

And, vaulting from his seat, he gallantly extended his hand to help the young girl from her horse; while, on the same instant, another in her train, a handsome young fellow of the girl's own age, knelt on the frozen ground and held her stirrup.

But this independent young maid would have none of their courtesies. Ignoring the outstretched hands of both the man and boy, she sprang lightly from her horse, and, as she did so, with a sly and sudden push of her dainty foot, she sent the kneeling lad sprawling backward, while her merry peal of laughter rang out as an accompaniment to his downfall.

"Without your help, my lords—without your help, so please you both," she cried. "Why, Dudley," she exclaimed, in mock surprise, as she threw a look over her shoulder at the prostrate boy, "are you there? Beshrew me, though, you do look like one of Goodman Roger's Dorking cocks in the pultry yonder, so red and ruffled of feather do you seem. There, see now, I do repent me of my discourtesy. You, Sir Robert, shall squire me to the hall, and Lord Seymour must even content himself with playing the gallant to good Mistress Ashley;" and, leaning on the arm of the now pacified Dudley, the self-willed girl tripped lightly up the entrance-steps. Self-willed and thoughtless—even rude and hoydenish—we may think her in these days of gentler manners and more guarded speech. But those were less refined and cultured times than these in which we live; and the rough, uncurbed nature of "Kinge Henrye the viij. of Most Famous Memorye," as the old chronicles term the "bluff King Hal," re-appeared to a noticeable extent in the person of his second child, the daughter of ill-fated Anne Boleyn, "my ladye's grace" the Princess Elizabeth of England.

And yet we should be readier to excuse this impetuous young Princess of three hundred years ago than were even her associates and enemies. For enemies she had, poor child, envious and vindictive ones, who sought to work her harm. Varied and unhappy had her young life already been. Born amid splendid hopes, in the royal palace of Greenwich; called Elizabeth after that grandmother, the fair heiress of the house of York, whose marriage to a prince of the house of Lancaster had ended the long and cruel War of the Roses; she

had been welcomed with the peal of bells and the boom of cannons, and christened with all the regal ceremonial of King Henry's regal court. Then, when scarcely three years old, disgraced by the wicked murder of her mother, cast off and repudiated by her brutal father, and only received again to favor at the christening of her baby brother, passing her childish days in grim old castles and a wicked court,—she found herself, at thirteen, fatherless as well as motherless, and at fifteen cast on her own resources, the sport of men's ambitions and of conspirators' schemes. To-day the girl of fifteen, tenderly reared, shielded from trouble by a mother's watchful love and a father's loving care, can know but little of the dangers that compassed this Princess of England, the lady Elizabeth. Deliberately separated from her younger brother, the King, by his unwise and selfish counselors, hated by her elder sister, the lady Mary, as the daughter of the woman who had made *her* mother's life so miserable, she was, even in her manor-home of Hatfield, where she should have been most secure, in still greater jeopardy. For this same Lord Seymour of Sudley, who was at once Lord High Admiral of England, uncle to the King, and brother of Somerset, the Lord Protector, had by fair promises and lavish gifts bound to his purpose this defenseless girl's only protectors, Master Parry, her cofferer, or steward, and Mistress Katherine Ashley, her governess. And that purpose was to force the young Princess into a marriage with himself, so as to help his schemes of treason against the Lord Protector and get into his own hands the care of the boy King and the government of the realm. It was a bold plot, and, if unsuccessful, meant attainder and death for high treason; but Seymour, ambitious, reckless, and unprincipled, thought only of his own desires, and cared little for the possible ruin into which he was dragging the unsuspecting and orphaned daughter of the King who had been his ready friend and patron.

So matters stood at the period of our story, on the eve of the Christmas festivities of 1548, as, on the arm of her boy escort, Sir Robert Dudley, gentleman usher at King Edward's court and, years after, the famous Earl of Leicester of Queen Elizabeth's day, the royal maiden entered the hall of Hatfield House. And, within the great hall, she was greeted by Master Parry, her cofferer, Master Runyon, her yeoman of the robes, and Master Mitchell, the feodary. Then, with a low obeisance, the feodary presented her the scroll which had been brought him, post-haste, by Launcelot Crue, the courser-man.

"What, good Master Avery," exclaimed Elizabeth, as she ran her eye over the scroll, "you to be Lord of Misrule and Master of the Revels!

And by my Lord of Somerset's own appointing?
I am right glad to learn it."

And this is what she read:

"*In primis* *: I give leave to Avery Mitchell, feodary, gentleman, to be Lord of Misrule of all good orders, at the Manor of Hatfield,

It was Christmas Eve. The great hall of Hatfield House gleamed with the light of many candles that flashed upon sconce and armor and polished floor. Holly and mistletoe, rosemary and bay, and all the decorations of an old-time Eng-

lish Christmas were tastefully arranged. A burst of laughter rang through the hall, as through the ample door-way, and down the broad stair, trooped the motley train of the Lord of Misrule to open the Christmas revels. A fierce and ferocious looking fellow was he, with his great green mustache and his ogre-like face. His dress was a gorgeous parti-colored jerkin and half-hose, trunks, ruff, slouch-boots of Cordova leather, and high befeathered steeple hat. His long staff, topped with a fool's head, cap and bells, rang loudly on the floor, as, preceded by his diminutive but pompous page, he led his train around and around the great hall, lustily singing the chorus:

"Like Prince and King he leads
the ring;
Right merrily we go. Sing
hey-trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the mistletoe!"

A menagerie let loose or the most dyspeptic of after-dinner dreams could not be more bewildering than was this motley train of the Lord of Misrule. Giants and dwarfs, dragons and griffins, hobby-horses and goblins, Robin Hood and the Grand Turk, bears and boars and fantastic animals that never had a name, boys

and girls, men and women, in every imaginable costume and device—around and around the hall they went, still ringing out the chorus:

"Sing hey-trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the mistletoe!"

Then, standing in the center of his court, the



"DOWN THE BROAD STAIR TROOPED THE MOTLEY TRAIN OF THE LORD OF MISRULE."

during the twelve days of Yule-tide. And, also, I give free leave to the said Avery Mitchell to command all and every person or persons whatsoever, as well servants as others, to be at his command whensoever he shall sound his trumpet or music, and to do him good service, as though I were present myself, at their perils. I give full power and authority to his lordship to break all locks, bolts, bars, doors, and latches to come at all those who presume to disobey his lordship's commands. God save the King. SOMERSET."

* A Latin term signifying "in the first place," or "to commence with," and used as the opening of legal or official directions.

Lord of Misrule bade his herald declare that from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night he was Lord Supreme; that, with his magic art, he transformed all there into children, and charged them, on their fealty, to act only as such. "I absolve them all from wisdom," he said; "I bid them be just wise enough to make fools of themselves, and do decree that none shall sit apart in pride and eke in self-sufficiency to laugh at others;" and then the fun commenced.

Off in stately Whitehall, in the palace of the boy King, her brother, the revels were grander and showier; but to the young Elizabeth, not yet skilled in all the stiffness of the royal court, the Yule-tide feast at Hatfield House brought pleasure enough; and so, seated at her holly-trimmed virginal,—that great-great-grandfather of the piano of to-day,—she, whose rare skill as a musician has come down to us, would—when wearied with her "pranks and japes"—"tap through" some fitting Christmas carol, or that older lay of the Yule-tide "Mumming":

"To shorten winter's sadness see where the folk with gladness,
Disguised, are all a-coming, right wantonly a-mumming,
Fa-la!

"Whilst youthful sports are lasting, to feasting turn our fasting;
With revels and with wassails make grief and care our vassals,
Fa-la!"

The Yule-log had been noisily dragged in "to the firing," and as the big sparks raced up the wide chimney, the boar's head and the tankard of sack, the great Christmas candle and the Christmas pie, were escorted around the room to the flourish of trumpets and with welcoming shouts; the Lord of Misrule, with a wave of his staff, was about to give the order for all to unmask, when suddenly there appeared in the circle a new character—a great green dragon, as fierce and ferocious as well could be, from his pasteboard jaws to his curling canvas tail. The green dragon of Wantley! Terrified urchins backed hastily away from his horrible jaws, and the Lord of Misrule gave a sudden and visible start. The dragon himself, scarce waiting for the surprise to subside, waved his paw for silence, and said, in a hollow, pasteboard voice:

"Most noble Lord of Misrule, before your feast commences and the masks are doff'd, may we not, as that which should give good appetite to all,—with your lordship's permit and that of my lady's grace,—tell each some wonder-filling tale as suits the goodly time of Yule? Here be stout maskers can tell us strange tales of fairies and goblins, or, perchance, of the foreign folk with whom they have trafficked in Calicut and Affrica, Barbaria, Perew, and other diverse lands and countries over-sea. And after that they have ended, then will I essay a

tale that shall cap them all, so past belief shall it appear."

The close of the dragon's speech, of course, made them all the more curious; and the lady Elizabeth did but speak for all when she said, "I pray you, good Sir Dragon, let us have your tale first. We have had enow of Barbaria and Perew. If that yours may be so wondrous, let us hear it even now, and then may we decide."

"As your lady's grace wishes," said the dragon. "But methinks when you have heard me through, you would that it had been the last or else not told at all."

"Your lordship of Misrule and my lady's grace must know," began the dragon, "that my story, though a short, is a startling one. Once on a time there lived a King, who, though but a boy, did, by God's grace, in talent, industry, perseverance, and knowledge, surpass both his own years and the belief of men. And because he was good and gentle alike and conditioned beyond the measure of his years, he was the greater prey to the wicked wiles of traitorous men. And one such, high in the King's court, thought to work him ill; and to carry out his ends did wantonly awaken seditious and rebellious intent even among the King's kith and kin, whom he traitorously sought to wed,—his royal and younger sister,—nay, start not, my lady's grace!" exclaimed the dragon quickly, as Elizabeth turned upon him a look of sudden and haughty surprise. "All is known! And this is the ending of my wondrous tale. My lord Seymour of Sudleye is this day taken for high treason and haled* to the Tower. They of your own household are held as accomplice to the Lord Admiral's wicked intent, and you, Lady Elizabeth Tudor, are by order of the council to be restrained in prison wards in this your manor of Hatfield until such time as the King's Majesty and the honorable council shall decide. This on your allegiance!"

The cry of terror that the dragon's words awoke died into silence as the lady Elizabeth rose to her feet, flushed with anger.

"Is this a fable or the posy of a ring, Sir Dragon?" she said, sharply. "Do you come to try or tempt me, or is this perchance but some part of my Lord of Misrule's Yule-tide mumming? 'Sblood, sir; only cravens sneak behind masks to strike and threaten. Have off your disguise, if you be true man; or, by my word as Princess of England, he shall bitterly rue the day who dares to befool the daughter of Henry Tudor!"

"As you will, then, my lady," said the dragon. "Do you doubt me now?" and, tearing off his pasteboard wrapping, he stood disclosed before them all as the grim Sir Robert Trywhitt, chief examiner of the Lord Protector's council. "Move

* Haled — dragged, forcibly conveyed.

not at your peril," he said, as a stir in the throng seemed to indicate the presence of some brave spirits who would have shielded their young Princess. "Master Feodary, bid your varlets stand to their arms."

And at a word from Master Avery Mitchell, late Lord of Misrule, there flashed from beneath the cloaks of certain tall figures on the circle's edge the halberds of the guard. The surprise was complete. The lady Elizabeth was a prisoner in her own manor-house, and the Yule-tide revels had reached a sudden and sorry ending.

And yet, once again, under this false accusation, did the hot spirit of the Tudors flame in the face and speech of the Princess Elizabeth.

"Sir Robert Trywhitt," cried the brave young girl, "these be but lying rumors that do go against my honor and my fealty. God knoweth they be shameful slanders, sir; for the which, besides the desire I have to see the King's Majesty, I pray you let me also be brought straight before the court, that I may disprove these perjured tongues."

But her appeal was not granted. For months she was kept close prisoner at Hatfield House, subjected daily to most rigid cross-examination by Sir Robert Trywhitt for the purpose of implicating her, if possible, in the Lord Admiral's plot. But all in vain; and at last even Sir Robert gave up the attempt, and wrote to the council that "the lady Elizabeth hath a good wit, and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy."

Lord Seymour of Sudleye was beheaded for treason, on Tower Hill, and others, implicated in

his plots, were variously punished; but even "great policy" can not squeeze a lie out of the truth, and Elizabeth was finally declared free of the stain of treason.

Experience, which is a hard teacher, often brings to light the best that is in us. It was so in this case. For, as one writer says: "The long and harassing ordeal disclosed the splendid courage, the reticence, the rare discretion, which were to carry the Princess through many an awful peril in the years to come. Probably no event of her early girlhood went so far toward making a woman of Elizabeth as did this miserable affair."

Within ten years thereafter, the lady Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. Those ten years covered many strange events, many varying fortunes—the death of her brother, the boy King Edward, the sad tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, Wyatt's rebellion, the tanner's revolt, and all the long horror of the reign of "Bloody Mary." You may read of all this in history and may see how, through it all, the young Princess grew still more firm of will, more self-reliant, wise, and strong, developing all those peculiar qualities that helped to make her England's greatest Queen and one of the most wonderful women in history. But through all her long and most historic life,—a life of over seventy years, forty-five of which were passed as England's Queen,—scarce any incident made so lasting an impression upon her as when, in Hatfield House, the first shock of the false charge of treason fell upon the thoughtless girl of fifteen in the midst of the Christmas revels.

AMONG THE LAW-MAKERS.*

(*Recollections of a Page in the United States Senate.*)

BY EDMUND ALTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CONGRESS.

THE members of the House of Representatives are chosen directly by the people, and no person can be a representative "who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State in which he shall be chosen." Their total number is regulated by statute of Congress, but they must be distributed among the States in proportion to population. The Constitution, however, provides that the ratio shall not exceed

one representative for every thirty thousand persons, but that "each State shall have at least one representative." In the First Congress, which assembled on the 4th of March, 1789, the thirteen original States were represented in the House by sixty-five members. This representation was fixed by the Constitution, until the taking of a census. The first census was that of 1790; and in 1792, Vermont and Kentucky having been meanwhile admitted into the Union, an apportionment act was passed, which increased the number of representatives to one hundred and five, or one for every thirty-three thousand persons. Since then, every ten years, a census has been taken,

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the population of the country ascertained, and other enumerations and apportionments have been made. The States, the people, and their representatives have increased in number, until now, under the tenth and latest census (that of 1880), 49,371,340 inhabitants, comprising the "representative population" of the country, scattered throughout thirty-eight States, are represented by three hundred and twenty-five members of the House,—a ratio of one representative to every one hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants.* New York, with a little over five million inhabitants, heads the list with thirty-four representatives; Pennsylvania, with over four million, has twenty-eight; and so it tapers toward a point where we find Colorado, Oregon, Delaware, and Nevada, with populations ranging in the order named from two hundred thousand to sixty-five thousand, and with one representative each.

HOW THE REPRESENTATIVES ARE ELECTED.

For the election of its thirty-four representatives, the legislature of New York has divided the area of the State into thirty-four parts, each "containing as nearly as practicable an equal number of inhabitants." These divisions are called Congressional districts, and the voters, or electors, of each district are entitled to choose one person to represent them in the House. A similar division is made by other States having populations which entitle them to two or more representatives. Where a representation of only one is given, as in the case of Nevada, the whole State is practically a district.

On a specified day, every alternate year, Congressional elections are held in each State,† and every person who, by the law of his State, is qualified as an elector "of the most numerous branch of the State legislature," is entitled to vote. This is done by going to one of the "polls," or voting-place, and depositing in a box, in charge of election officers, a slip of paper bearing the written or printed name of the candidate whom he wishes for representative. These slips are termed "ballots," and the box into which they are dropped the "ballot-box." The voting begins at a designated hour in the morning, and ceases at sunset or other stated time in the evening, when the polls are closed, the ballots are counted, and the man whose name appears on the greatest number of them cast in the Congressional district is declared elected

as the representative in Congress of the people of that district.

The terms of the representatives begin at twelve o'clock on the 4th of March of every odd-numbered year (such as 1883 or 1885), and end at twelve o'clock on the 4th day of March of the second year following. This period of two years is termed a "Congress," and a Congress is divided into "sessions." There is one regular session every year, commencing on the first Monday of December, thus making two regular sessions in a Congress, known as the "long session" and the "short session"; and as the President of the United States "may," in the language of the Constitution, "on extraordinary occasions convene both Houses or either of them," there are frequently three sessions in a Congress. At the expiration of a Congress, the terms of all of the members of the House come to an end, and so the House of Representatives itself, as a body, remains out of existence until reorganized by the convening of the members of (to use a popular expression) the "next" or "new" House.

But it is not necessarily "new," so far as faces are concerned; for many of the members of the "old" or "last" House are generally re-elected. The desire for re-election and the power of the people to send other men to the House, have a tendency to keep the law-makers on their good behavior. The present Congress, which is the forty-eighth since the establishment of our present form of government, will end on the 4th of March next. The great voting done throughout the country during the past autumn months was for the election of representatives to the Forty-ninth Congress, as well as for a President and Vice-President of the United States.

At the opening of the first session of every Congress, the newly elected representatives assemble in their hall, and from their number immediately select their presiding officer, or Speaker.‡ In addition to the formidable power which belongs to that high station, the Speaker retains his ordinary privileges as a representative. A "Speakership contest," as the struggle between the rival candidates is termed, is often a very exciting and always an interesting political event. Upon his election, he takes an oath (administered by one of the members) by which he pledges himself to support the Constitution of the United States, and to faithfully discharge the duties of his office. Thereupon, hav-

* The eight organized Territories and their solitary delegates are not embraced in these figures. The total population of the United States (not including Alaska, the Indian Territory, "wild Indians," etc.) is 50,155,783, according to the last Census Report. The population of the eight Territories and the District of Columbia is 784,443.

† The Congressional elections are not, however, as they should be, uniform as to time throughout the United States. Ohio, for example, chose her representatives to the Forty-Ninth Congress in October last, while nearly all of the other States did their Congressional voting in November, in connection with that for President.

‡ The term "Speaker" is borrowed from the name given to the presiding officer of the House of Commons of Great Britain.

ing gone through the formality of thanking his associates for the honor conferred upon him, he administers to them a similar oath. The next step is for the representatives to appoint the clerical and other officers necessary to assist them in their proceedings, and then to choose their own seats in the Hall of Representatives. And, having attended to all these matters,—having selected a Speaker to preside over their deliberations and keep them quiet, having taken the oath of office, and having installed their corps of assistants into comfortable positions, and ensconced themselves in cane-seated chairs behind light-colored, plain-looking desks,—the members are full-fledged Congressmen, and the House of Representatives exists once more as a “body,” and is ready to roll up its legislative sleeves and go to work.

HOW THE SENATORS ARE ELECTED.

The senators are elected in a different and much simpler manner. They are chosen by the *legislatures* of the respective States, instead of directly by the votes of the people. Each State is entitled to two senators, but no person can be a senator, unless he is thirty years of age, of nine years' citizenship, and an inhabitant of the State when elected. The number of senators is unalterable, except by the admission of new States. Multiply the number of States at any given time by two, and you have the number of senators at that time. There is a subtle distinction between a senator and a representative as shown in the distinct modes of election. The two senators from New York, for instance, represent that State as a political unit or entity—in other words, in her sovereign capacity *as a State*. (I know this is a puzzler, but I gave you fair warning!) The thirty-four representatives represent the *people* of New York as so many *individuals* in the entire republic. You will thus see that in the Senate, one State is as potent as another,—they are all “peers,” or “equals”; while in the House, the power of a State is substantially in proportion to the number of its inhabitants.

The senators hold office for six years, and their elections are so arranged that the terms of one-third of the members expire with each Congress. It is possible for the House of Representatives to be composed entirely of new members, ignorant of the difference between a “call of the House” and a “motion to adjourn.” Such a thing could not happen in regard to the Senate, as only one-third of its membership can be changed at a time. This, then, forms another distinction between the two

Houses. The Senate is a *continuous* body. It never dies. It is, to all intents, immortal. The House, as I have explained, is short-lived. Its successor is, in the light of the Constitution, an altogether new creation, possessing an entirely different soul, but endowed with the authority exercised by the “late lamented”—the House immediately preceding it.

In Great Britain, the legislative body which corresponds to the Senate as the “Upper House” is the House of Lords; but most of the peers hold office for life and by right of birth or favor of the Crown. They are “hereditary legislators,” and the people have nothing to say in the matter. The bright little son of a senator evidently thought the Senate was also an hereditary institution; for, when asked what he intended to be on reaching manhood, he mournfully answered: “Well, I’d like to be a hack-driver, but I s’pose I’ll have to be a senator!”

The Vice-President, who presides over the Senate, and who, together with the President, is elected by the people of the United States, takes no part in its debates. He can only vote in the event of a tie; in that case he may determine the question by his “casting-vote.”* He, like all the senators, “qualifies” for his office by taking the usual oath, and, with its officers, the Senate is thus serenely equipped.

Yet one other feature is essential to put the two bodies into thorough working order, and without it little progress in legislation would be made. In order that every measure upon which the action of Congress is or may be desired shall be properly examined, the senators and representatives are divided into numerous cliques, or groups, styled “Committees,” from the fact that to them certain matters are “committed,” or referred, by the respective bodies to which they belong. The committees of the House are appointed by the Speaker, one Congressman being sometimes a member of several committees. Those of the Senate are appointed by that body itself, and not by the Vice-President. In view of the important duties performed by these little councils, this right of the Speaker to form them will give you an idea of the influence which he exerts in public affairs. There are over forty regular or “standing” committees of the House, the largest numbering fifteen members, including the chairman; and about thirty committees of the Senate, the largest consisting of eleven senators, and the smallest, of three. There is thus a regular committee for nearly every class of legislative subjects likely to require the attention of either House; and special, or select, committees are constantly being

* See, on these various points, the Constitution, Article I., Sections 2, 3, etc.

established. Most important measures undergo the rigid examination of the appropriate committees before being considered by either branch of Con-

to an executive department for information, taking part in the debates of the respective houses, writing letters to constituents, and transacting infinite odds



ONE OF THE THORNS OF SENATORIAL LIFE.—A dissatisfied constituent: "Well, Senator, how you could 'a' talked about that measure the way you talked about it *before* election, an' then 'a' voted on that measure the way you did *after* election, is to me rather considerable of an enigma!"

gress in full session. When the members of a committee report against or in favor of a particular matter, the house to which they belong are inclined to agree to what they recommend, since they know that the committeemen have specially studied the merits and demerits of the question. The committees meet in elegantly furnished, frescoed rooms, built for their comfort and convenience, and provided with special clerks to record their doings. Their meetings are sometimes open to the public, but generally secret; and, as even a Congressman can not be in two places at the same time, and as he should not absent himself from the sessions of his house without "leave," committee-service is irksome as well as important.

It is an error to suppose that the law-makers have nothing more to do than to attend the ordinary sessions of the Senate or House, and draw their pay. Some of them are models of industry,—going to the Capitol early in the morning, holding committee-meetings for an hour or two, darting off

and ends of business until dusk. And when they go home in the evening, they are not always allowed to rest. They are bothered by dissatisfied constituents; they are besieged by strangers and friends, one wanting this done, another that, a third something else, until, wearied and exhausted, they sink into a restless sleep, and dream hideous visions of the coming day.

Yet there is another side to the picture. They each receive five thousand dollars a year and perquisites,* to say nothing of the honor of writing "M.C." and "U. S. S." after their names; they are "distinguished guests" wherever they go; they are invited to all levees and receptions, to all festivals and amusements; they are banqueted by the President and entertained by Cabinet Ministers; and they are welcome to every species of domestic and foreign hospitality, from a charity-ball to a german at the legation, where they may move solemnly through the figures of the stately minuet, or dance to the liveliest music of a cotillion and Virginia reel.

* In addition to their stated salary, they are entitled to "traveling expenses," known as "mileage," because computed by the distance between their homes and the city of Washington; they receive a certain allowance of newspapers and stationery free, as also copies of all public documents published under their authority—from an elaborate medical history of several huge volumes to a "Congressional Directory"; they get seeds from the Agricultural Department and flowers from the Botanical Gardens; and they have other privileges and honors which I shall not detail at present. The Senators have recently voted themselves "private secretaries," much to the vexation of the members of the House, who would like to have such luxuries, also, but do not dare to take that liberty with the public funds.

Altogether, their careers are decidedly agreeable, and the average Congressman would gladly serve his country for life, and "nominate his bones" to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE LAWS ARE MADE.

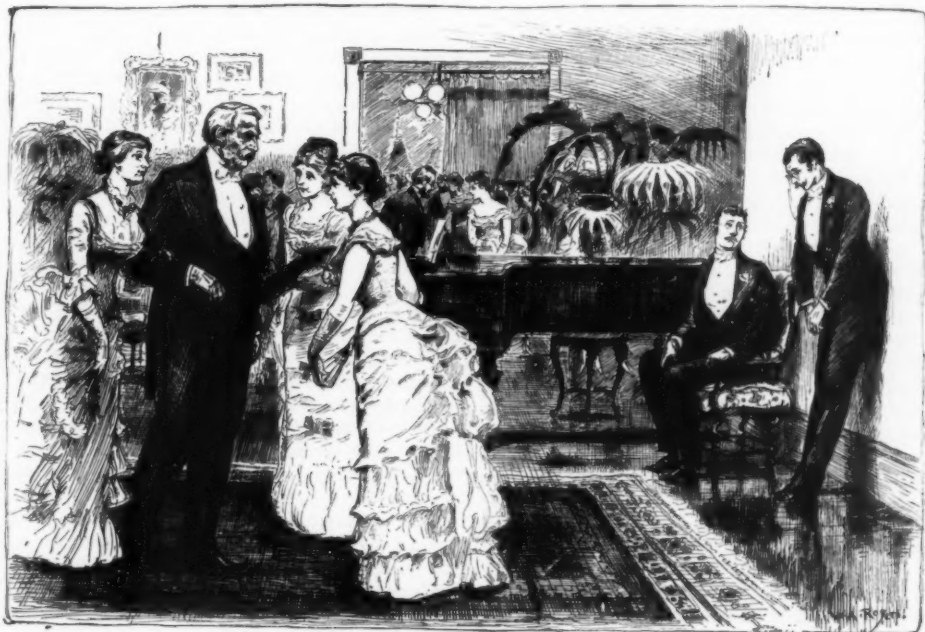
CONGRESS, while the grandest tribunal on the American continent, if not on the globe, is not the sole legislative authority in this country. The States have local legislatures, which are vested with exclusive power as to certain subjects; Congress, on the other hand, has exclusive jurisdiction in regard to other affairs; and then there is a third class of matters, respecting which both State and National law-makers may legislate, with this qualification,—that should the State laws conflict with the National, the former must give way to the latter. The Constitution expressly declares what Congress may do; and, as it can do nothing not permitted by the Constitution, I refer you to

abroad, to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the States, to coin money, to establish post-offices and post-roads, to create courts for the enforcement of Federal statutes,—in brief, to make all laws necessary for the protection and maintenance of the integrity and honor of the Union, and the welfare of the people *as a nation*,—these are within the powers of Congress.

The varieties of business with which it has to deal reach from the sublime to the ridiculous,—from a declaration of war against a threatening foe, involving the sacrifice of priceless lives, to a law appropriating a few dollars out of the Treasury for the loss of a blanket in the Government service.

The proceedings of the Senate and House are methodical; otherwise, with so many Congressmen, it would be almost impossible to accomplish anything at all toward advancing the interests of the nation. To restrain their proceedings from an excess of talk, as well as to prevent undue haste in legislation, numerous rules are established by each house and rigidly enforced.

The daily routine of the Senate, as I observed



ONE OF THE ROSES OF SENATORIAL LIFE.—"He is invited to all receptions, and is 'a distinguished guest' wherever he goes."

that instrument for particulars as to its power. To raise money to defray the expenses of the general Government, to provide navies and armies useful in resenting insults or resisting danger at home or

it, was very simple. After prayers by the chaplain, the next thing was the reading of the journal of the previous day by one of the clerks. After that, the Vice-President would lay before the Senate messages

from the President of the United States and other papers upon his table. Then he would announce petitions and memorials to be in order. Of course, the people of the United States having sent these men to Congress to make laws for them, have a right to tell them what laws they wish enacted, and the first amendment to the Constitution prohibits Congress from interfering with this right. All the memorials having been presented, reports of committees, bills, and other papers were submitted. For the presentation of these matters, the first hour of every day was set apart. After the "morning hour," the Senate generally devoted itself to the consideration of those measures which lead to the great debates of Congress, and result in the enactment of important laws. As you may wish to know something about the course of legislation, I shall try to enlighten you.

Let us take a dainty illustration. Suppose all of you young folk should suddenly acquire a keen appetite for honey; that you could, in fact, eat nothing else; and that you should prefer the honey produced abroad by foreign industry to that of the busy bees of our own land. Now, the gathering of the honey from the hives, putting it into cases, or extracting it from the comb, and bottling, together with its transportation over thousands of miles, are items which involve considerable expense. Then, too, the farmer, or producer, is entitled to some compensation in the way of interest on the money which he has invested in bees and other features of his business. The wholesale merchant, who buys it from the producer, the retail dealer, who buys it from the wholesale merchant, each adds to its cost a reasonable amount by way of profit. All these matters enhance its natural value,—or, in simpler words, make the honey worth more to you than it would actually be worth to you if you could obtain it directly from the workshop of the bees. In addition to these, however, there is another thing that seriously affects the price.

Money is required to run the ponderous machinery of government. The legislators, the President and other executive officers, the judges, the soldiers, sailors, and miscellaneous "servants of the people" do not work for mere love. They must be paid for their services in money. The noble volunteers who, to protect their country's flag, risked death upon the battle-field, and returned to their homes crippled, wrecked in health, disabled for work, deserve something better than empty hand-shakings on the part of the Union. The officers of government can not all do their work in the open air, nor can commerce navigate over rocks and reefs. Public buildings must be erected, harbors and rivers improved, light-houses built. These can not be had for nothing. Then there is the

Indian. We stole his lands. He expects us to pay his board. We have agreed to do it.

These and other matters connected with the management of national affairs cost millions of dollars annually. How is the money to be raised? The Constitution points out to Congress the way—Taxes! Taxes!*

There are two kinds of taxes—direct and indirect. While a handsome yearly income is derived from sales of public lands and from other sources, the Government depends for its hundreds of millions upon indirect taxation. One species of indirect taxation is what is styled the "Internal Revenue," which taxes domestic evils, like the liquor trade, and yields the Government an immense sum.

But its favorite and most profitable "indirect" device is the "Tariff." Upon certain products and manufactures brought to our shores from other lands, it lays a "duty," or tax, and that duty must be paid to the proper Government officials (called "customs-officers" or "custom-house officers") before the things *can be sold in this country*. On every pound of figs brought to this country, the Government, through its "customs-officers," collects two cents. Slates and slate-pencils from abroad must pay thirty cents for every dollar of their worth. When you buy these things, remember you are paying much more than actual values. A part of the excess goes into the treasury of the United States as a "duty," or "indirect tax"; for, of course, the dealer who imports these articles includes this extra cost in the price charged the purchaser. You little folk have perhaps no idea how much you contribute every year to defray the expenses of our grand republic! Dolls and toys not made in this country must pay thirty-five cents on every dollar of their value; foreign beef and pork are taxed one cent per pound; vinegar, seven and a half cents per gallon; oats, ten cents a bushel; mackerel, one cent per pound. Bonnets, hats, and hoods, for men, women, and children; canes and walking-sticks; brooms, combs, jewelry, precious stones, musical instruments of all kinds, playing-cards, paintings, and statuary,—these are also roughly jostled by this uncouth law.

I should state, however, that *all* articles from abroad are not taxed. There is what is known as the "Free List," on which are placed certain imports exempt from duty, such as nux vomica, assa-fœtida, charcoal, divi-divi, dragon's blood, Bologna sausages, eggs, fossils, and other articles! But the great bulk of important staples used in every-day life does not come within this favored class. Chemical products; earthenware and glassware; metals; wood and woodenwares; sugar; tobacco; provisions; cotton and cotton goods; hemp, jute, and

* Constitution, Article I., Sec. 8, Cl. 1.

flax goods; wool and woolens; silk and silk goods; books, papers, etc.; and sundries,—thus reads the Tariff List.

This is what is called "Protection." That is, putting heavy duties on foreign articles and commodities raises the price of those foreign articles, and compels people to buy, instead, those made and produced by American industry.

The present tariff imposes upon foreign honey a duty of twenty cents a gallon. We will say that you consider this a dreadful tax on such a "necessary," and that you would, under the circumstances supposed, try to have it removed. Accordingly, you would prepare and sign a petition to Congress, setting forth the hardship of this extra expense imposed upon you as purchasers and "consumers" of the commodity and asking that the tax be abolished. Now, let us further suppose that I represent your district in Congress. (I say, "*suppose*.")

Very well. You would send that petition to me, as your representative, that I might present it to the House. Having been presented, it would be referred to a committee for examination. As the removal of the duty would reduce the revenue of the Government, the petition would be sent to the Committee on Ways and Means. This committee, which is a very important one and consists of thirteen of the ablest members of the House, would read your petition and examine into the matter. There would then be two obstacles to overcome.

In the first place, the committee, or a majority of the members, might not wish to reduce the receipts of the national treasury without strong reasons being shown, and might invite you to explain the urgency of your demand. In the second place, the removal of the duty would not only affect the revenue of the Government, but would destroy the monopoly and cut down the profits of American honey-producers or dealers, because the foreign farmers and merchants would thus be enabled to sell their honey at least twenty cents per gallon less than they can sell it under the present state of affairs. In other words, it would provoke "competition," and the price would probably fall far below that now charged at an ordinary grocery-store. The American dealers would, naturally enough, oppose your designs, and request a hearing before the committee. Each side might employ lawyers to speak in its behalf, or might appear and personally argue the matter, according as the committee might prefer. But there would hardly be room for preference between children clamoring

for honey and lawyers clamoring for fees. In either event, the committee would run a great risk of being talked to death.

Let us assume, however, that they survive the ordeal and become convinced that the duty, while a protection against competition and small profits to a comparatively few old American "producers," is an injustice to the myriad of young American "consumers," and that the law should be repealed. They would then prepare a "bill," somewhat as follows:

"A BILL TO PUT HONEY ON THE FREE LIST.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act, the importation of honey shall be exempt from customs duties; and all laws inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed."

One of the members of the committee would then report that bill to the House.* Ordinarily, that would be the last of it. But, in order to finish this illustration, let me imagine you to be hanging between life and death,—famishing for honey,—and yet unable to buy it at the price charged. Suppose, for this or other reasons, the committee should ask that a day be assigned for its consideration, and that the House should acquiesce.

Adopting the present tense, let us further assume that the day has arrived. The bill having been read a first and second time,† the fight begins in earnest, and the members of the House opposed to it and those in its favor argue and wrangle and shout "Free Trade" and "Protection" for a month, as they did on a certain tariff bill which they did not pass last year. I, of course, champion your interests with all my well-known eloquence,—now putting your opponents to sleep by a dose of statistics, now lashing them into activity with my sesquipedalian sentences of wrath. (By the way, do your dictionaries need re-binding?) Some of the enemies to the bill are willing to *reduce* the tax, but not to entirely *remove* it, and they suggest an amendment lowering the duty from *twenty* to *ten* cents a gallon. Other enemies wish the bill to "lie on the table" or be "indefinitely postponed." The House may organize itself into a "Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union," a proceeding usual in the consideration of public bills and business, as distinguished from a "Committee of the Whole House" for the consideration of private business.

* Petitions or bills may be presented or introduced in either House. There is but one exception to this rule. The Constitution prescribes that "all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives."

† Every bill must be read three times before being passed. These readings are trumpet-notes of warning. They notify the members of the measure before the House, in order that any of them who think it an improper measure, may resist its passage, and thus prevent underhand legislation. As a general thing, a bill is read "in full" only once, the other two readings being "by title," which means that the title *only* is read.

But let us hurry over all formalities and complicated motions, and suppose all the efforts of its enemies to be vain. The question is at length asked: "Shall the bill be engrossed and read a third time?" This "main," or "previous question" is ordered, and the bill is accordingly read a third time by its title, unless some member should wish it read in full.* Then comes the question, "Shall the bill pass?" Again it is open to debate, but not to amendment (or change.)† Then another "previous question" is ordered, and a vote taken on the passage of the bill. There are several ways of voting, but in this case we will suppose that the clerk calls the "yeas and nays" (although it will consume half an hour, in order that every member may record himself as either against or for the bill. We will suppose that a majority votes in its favor. The bill is now passed, the title is again read and stands, unless amended. Thereupon, a motion is made to "reconsider" the vote last taken; and it is also moved that the motion to reconsider be laid upon the table. This is a technical formality, which "clinches" the action of the body. The last motion is agreed to, and the bill is now beyond the reach of danger from the House. The clerk of the House then "certifies" the bill, notes on it the date of its passage, and takes it (together with my petition and the other papers in the case) to the Senate. In the Senate it is referred to the Committee on Finance, reported back, argued, and (we shall assume) passed. The secretary of the Senate carries it to the House and notifies that body of its passage by the Senate. It has now become an "Act of Congress," and is enrolled on parchment by the clerk of the House (it being a House bill), and examined by the Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills, who see that no errors have been made by the enrolling clerks, and who report to each House. Then it is signed by the Speaker and the President of the Senate, the clerk of the House certifies that it originated in that body, and a member of the joint committee takes it to the President of the United States, who, having ten days in which to reflect, finally thinks it a good Act and signs it. It is at last a law. The President notifies the House of his approval; the parchment is deposited among the public archives of the State Department; the law is duly published, under the direction of the Secretary of State, as a statute at large of the United States; foreign "pro-

ducers," and merchants see it; competition at once begins, and I am now prepared to accept your kind invitation to a delicious honey-feast.

This is a rough and hurried sketch of the travels of a measure on its road to enactment as a law. I have not stopped to consider its chances of defeat. (1) The Senate Committee might have "pigeon-holed" it or not reported it back to the Senate. Or (2) a majority of the Senate might have voted against its enactment, and thus have killed it outright. (3) They might have amended it, the House might have refused to concur in the amendments, joint conference committees of the two Houses might have been appointed to reconcile the Houses by some sort of compromise, either House might have refused to agree to any report of such committee and insisted upon its position, and the disagreement (or "dead-lock") might have sealed the fate of the bill. On the other hand, one of the Houses might have receded from its position, and the bill might have passed with or without amendment. Again, it would have been an Act. But (4) the President of the United States might have objected to it, and forbidden it, by his "veto," from becoming a law. In that event, he would have returned it to the House with his objections; and unless the House and Senate, each by a two-thirds vote ‡ of the members present, should have again passed it "over the veto," the measure would have been defeated.

It is unnecessary to weary you by detailing the many difficulties an objectionable measure would encounter. I have endeavored, however, to show you that there are safeguards thrown around the proceedings of Congress for the purpose of preventing improper legislation from being rushed through without, at least, warning the people of it and giving them an opportunity to protest. An explanation of the rules established by both Houses to this end would fill a large volume. Some of them are abstruse and apparently incomprehensible, but you may rest assured that they all have a wise object in view—namely, to protect the people of the country from the enactment of bad laws. If, therefore, a harsh or unjust measure should at any time be enacted by Congress, you will understand the reason and know the moral to be drawn from it—that a majority of the law-makers have not done their duty, and that their places should be filled by better men.

(To be continued.)

* The engrossing, strictly, should be done by the clerk before further proceedings are had; but, to economize time, this theory is not carried out in Congressional practice.

† An exception to the rule, "It is never too late to mend."

‡ It requires only a majority of each House to pass a bill—one more than half the number of members present will suffice. To pass it "over the veto" requires a two-thirds vote, which vote, the Constitution declares, shall always be taken by the yeas and nays; "and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively."

THE SCHOOL-MASTER AND THE TRUANTS.

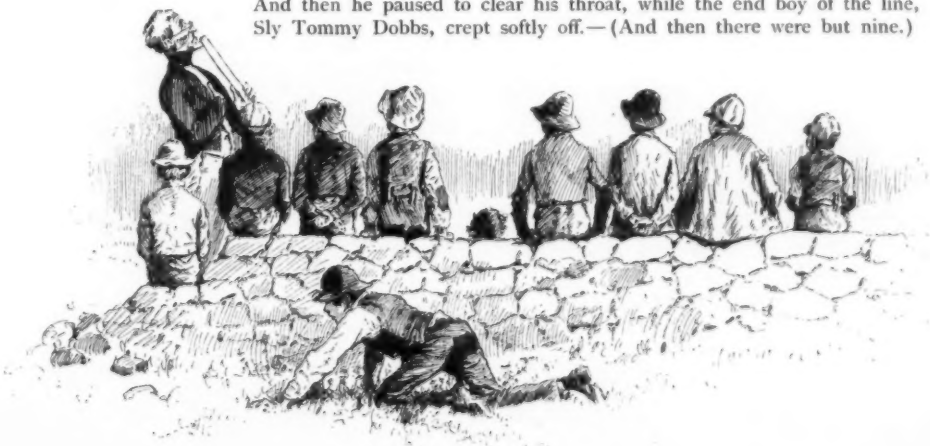
BY CHARLES R. TALBOT.



A. B. FROST.

STERN Master Munchem, rod in hand, stole out of school one day,
 And suddenly appeared before some boys, who 'd run away,
 All sitting on the meadow wall. "Aha!" he cried; and then
 He stood and grimly counted them.—He found that there were ten.

He laid his hand upon his heart and looked up at the sky.
 "My lads," sonorously he said, "of course you know that I"—
 And then he paused to clear his throat, while the end boy of the line,
 Sly Tommy Dobbs, crept softly off.—(And then there were but nine.)



"Of course," the master recommenced, "you know that I am here"—

He paused again and with his pen he scratched behind his ear.

Meanwhile, fat Peleg Perkins had concluded not to wait,

And followed Tommy Dobbs's lead.—(And then there were but eight.)



"Ahem!" pursued the master. "As I observed just now,

Of course you know I 'm here to teach the young idea how"—

And here he stopped to wipe his brow. Lank Obadiah Hicks

Chose this occasion to depart.—(And then there were but six.)



"Of course, as I was saying, you know I 'm here to teach"—

Here Master Munchem once again paused gravely in his speech,

And knit his brows abstractedly, still gazing toward the heaven.

So small Giles Jenkins scampered off.—(And then there were but seven.)



"In short, I 'm here to teach the young idea how to shoot."

Here he ceased gazing at the sky and looked down at his boot.

Then jolly Jonas Doolittle, he made one reckless dive

And took *himself* out of the line.—(And then there were but five.)



"Therefore," the master hastened on, "it is entirely plain"—

Here he took off his spectacles and put them on again;

While another of his hearers, gaping Maximilian More,

Dropped down and vanished out of sight.—
(And then there were but four.)

"'T is clearly plain" (the speech went on) "that you must understand"—

And now the master drew his rod four times across his hand;

Whereat wise Solon Simmons ran and hid behind a tree,

Unwilling longer to remain.—(And then there were but three.)



"Must understand, in such a painful case as this, what must"—

He struck his pantaloons a blow that raised a cloud of dust,

In which another urchin quickly disappeared from view,

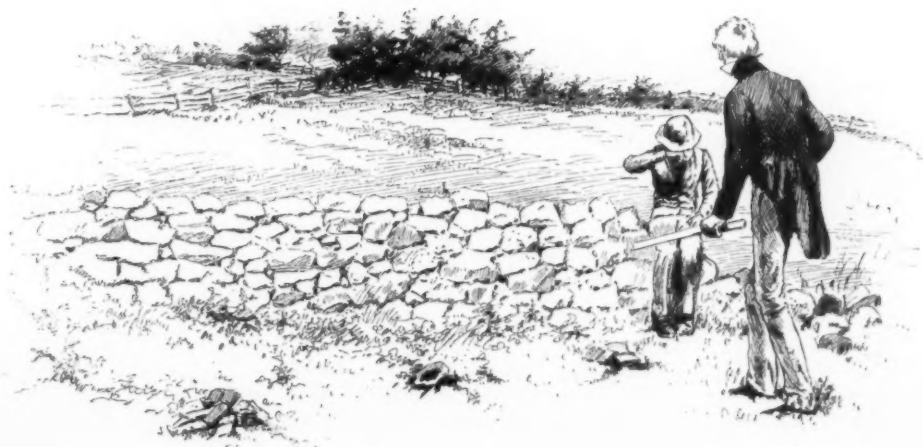
Sedate Benoni Butterworth.—(And then there were but two.)

"In such a painful case as this, what must and *shall* be done!"

The master looked up at the boys. Odds, zooks! The ten were one!

So he straightway fell on sleepy Toby Tinkham there and then,

And gave him such a lesson as might well suffice for ten.



SOME WONDERFUL ELEPHANTS.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

PROBABLY no animal excites so much wonder and astonishment as the elephant, the largest of living land animals. Its enormous size, its remarkable intelligence, and its great age—even in captivity sometimes reaching to one hundred and thirty years—seem to place it above other animals in popular estimation; and, as shown in the case of the now famous Jumbo, the larger the elephant is the more curiosity and interest does it arouse.

Jumbo, however, is a very small affair when compared with some of the elephants that roamed the earth in earlier times. Even the mammoth, that existed when our forefathers were living in caves and were clothed in skins, could have raised and tossed him high in air; yet the great mammoth itself was a pigmy compared with the huge animals that preceded it, and was, indeed, much smaller than many of the elephants of a still earlier period.

Though in modern days we look to Africa and Asia for the elephant, in those ancient times America had its droves that wandered over our present homes with other strange animals that have long since passed away. The great mastodon wandered over New York State in vast herds. Where Newburgh now stands, a fine specimen has been found, while similar remains have been unearthed at Mt. Holly, Vermont; and at New Britain, and Cheshire, in Connecticut. Another and smaller species of mastodon, known as the American elephant, ranged over those sections of the continent now bounded by Georgia, Texas, and Missouri on the south, Canada on the north, and Oregon and California on the west, and was probably hunted by the cave-dwellers of old with weapons as rude as those now used by the native African hunters.

In the extreme north, especially in Alaska, flourished the great hairy elephant, or mammoth. It will be seen, therefore, that at different periods America has been the home of three or perhaps more distinct species of elephants, that roamed about as do the buffaloes in the great West; and whereas there are now only two distinct kinds of elephants living in all the world, there were then at least fourteen.

The question will perhaps be asked, How do we know that these great creatures lived in America so many years ago? This can be very well answered by relating the adventures of some workmen at the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, N. Y.

They were engaged in excavating a cellar, and after removing several thousand loads of soil, peat, trunks of trees, and other material, they came upon a great well in the rock, commonly called a pot-hole.

Continuing the excavation, they found trunks of trees that had been gnawed by beavers, though these animals are now never found in that locality; and finally, in the bottom of the great well, the astonished workmen discovered the jaw of an enormous animal, which Professor Hall pronounced to be that of a mastodon—an extinct American elephant. Digging still deeper, they found lying upon a bed of clay, broken slate, gravel, and water-worn pebbles, and covered with river ooze and vegetable matter, the principal parts of the mastodon's skeleton. According to Professor Hall, these prehistoric bones, dropped from the melting ice, had been deposited in the cavity by a glacier, ages ago, and so preserved as a page in the history of the time.

That other mastodons were carried to their graves on great glaciers, or were affected by them, is shown by a tooth of one in the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, that is marked with the glacial scrapings; while still another, found in Kentucky, now in Rutgers College, shows, also, the glacial lines.

The Cohoes mastodon is now in the State Museum at Albany. Numerous similar remains in other museums of the country show that this giant beast ranged the United States in vast herds, finally being driven out or exterminated, possibly by the mighty glaciers that swept down over the face of the country in that distant age known as the glacial period.

A famous pasture for these giants seems to have been what is now known as the Big Bone Lick, a morass in Kentucky, about twenty-three miles from Cincinnati. Here, imbedded in the blue clay of the ancient creek, have been found the complete skeletons and bones of over one hundred mastodons and twenty mammoths, and the remains of several other gigantic monsters of former days.

One of the most remarkable of the American elephants, specimens of which have also been found in Europe, was the *Dinotherium*, a huge creature standing on legs ten feet in height, and attaining a length of nearly twenty feet. The tusks, instead of extending out of the upper jaw, were in the lower jaw and grew downward,



THE DINOTHERIUM.—THE HUGE ELEPHANT WITH TUSKS CURVED DOWNWARD.

giving the animal a very singular appearance. We know that the elephants of to-day use their tusks to lift and crush their enemies, but in the *Dinotherium*, the tusks actually point at the owner. What, then, was their use?

In answer to this, we find that the huge animal was a water-lover, and probably made its home on the banks of streams, living a life similar to that of the hippopotamus. With this knowledge, a use for these great recurring incisors is readily seen. They were used as pick-axes to tear away the earth and dig out the succulent vegetation that it fed upon; and at night, when partly floating, they might have been buried in the bank, forming veritable anchors for the living and bulky ships. When attacked by its—perhaps human—enemies, we can imagine the great creature struggling from the mire, lifting itself to dry land by striking its tusks into the ground and using them to hoist its ponderous body to the bank.

Remains of the *Dinotherium* are common in

France and Germany, and a model of this great elephant has been purchased by the French Government.

In India, there formerly lived six different kinds of elephants. One, called by the naturalists *Elephas Gangesa*, had a very small head, but its tusks were of so enormous a size, that forty or fifty boys and girls could have been lifted and carried with the greatest ease upon them and the head. The length of both head and tusks was over fourteen feet. The tusks were not bent like those of the mammoth, but curved gently upward, ending in extremely sharp points, showing them to have been terrible weapons.

In Malta, at about the same period of time, there lived a Lilliputian elephant, that when full-grown was barely three feet in height. Its babies would surely have been a curious sight. Imagine an elephant that could be carried about in your overcoat pocket, and you can then form an idea of this baby elephant of those far-off days.

BABY DEB "PAYS" FOR THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

By JOHN R. CORVELL.

CHRISTMAS is just as much Christmas at the Boon Island light-house as it is anywhere else in the world.

And why not?

To be sure, the nearest land is ten miles away; and when the winter storms come, the waves dash quite over the two acres of rocks out of which the sturdy light-house rises. There are no blazing rows of streets lined with toy-shops there; no gatherings of families; no Christmas-trees loaded down with presents; nothing to be seen from the light-house but the changing water and the unchangeable rocks. Water on three sides, and on the fourth side a bluff barrier of rocks, with the world hiding behind it ten miles away.

There are six children there, though, and a mother and a father; and if they can not make a Christmas, then nobody can.

Why, Baby Deb alone is material enough of which to make a Christmas, and a very rollicking, jolly sort of Christmas, too; but when to her you add Tom and Sue and Sally and Ike and Sam,—well, the grim old light-house fairly overflows with Christmas every twenty-fifth of December.

If it is a lonely, old, one-eyed light-house, has it not a chimney? And do not the children there have stockings—good long stockings? Indeed, they

have. And does not Christmas Eve see them all temptingly hung, so invitingly limp and empty, under the mantel-shelf? And does not Christmas morning—very early, mind you!—see six graduated white-robed ghosts performing their mysterious ceremonies around six bulging stockings?

Ah, then, if you suppose that that cunning old gentleman, Santa Claus, does not know how to find a chimney, even when the cold waves are pelting it with frozen spray-drops ten miles from land, you little know what a remarkable gift he has in that way!

And the Christmas dinners they have there! The goose,—the brown, crisp, juicy, melting roast goose! What would that dinner be without that goose? What, indeed!

But once,—they turn pale at that light-house now when they think of it,—once, they came very near having no goose for Christmas.

It came about in this way: Papa—Ah, if you could only hear Baby Deb tell about it! It would be worth the journey. But you can not, of course, so never mind. Papa Stoughton—the light-house-keeper, you know—had lost all his money in a savings-bank that had failed early in that December.

A goose is really not a very expensive fowl;

but if one has not the money, of course one can not buy even a cheap thing. Papa Stoughton could not afford a goose. He said so,—said so before all the family.

Ike says that the silence that fell upon that family then was painful to hear. They looked at one another with eyes so wide open that it's a mercy they ever could shut them again.

"No goose!" at last cried Tom, who was the oldest.

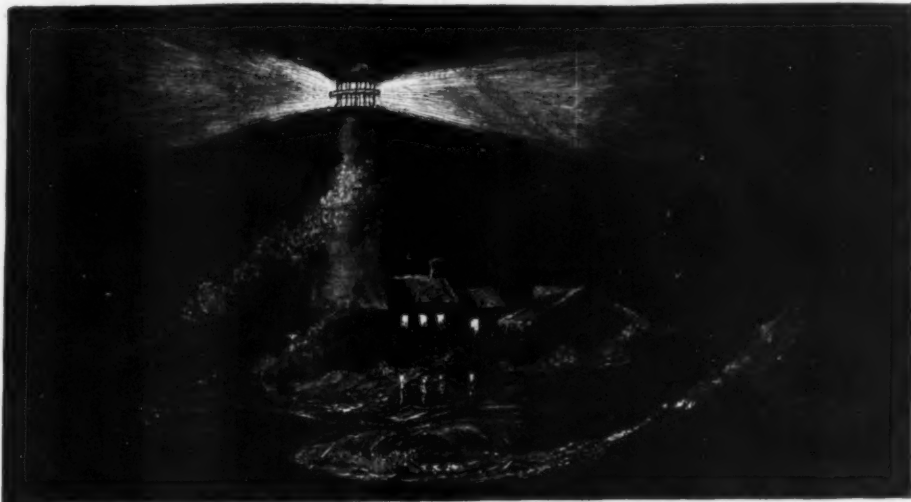
"No goose!" cried the others in chorus. All except Baby Deb, who was busy at the time gently admonishing Sculpin, her most troublesome child,

only four years old, gave herself very little concern about the thoughts of others. Her own thoughts took all of her time.

Tom finally said "Ah!" under his breath, and mysteriously vanished into another room after beckoning to his brothers and sisters to follow him, which they did almost before they had fairly said "Ah!" Baby Deb was there, too; somewhat awe-struck at the mystery about her, but ready to lend the help of her wisdom, if necessary.

"We *must* have a goose," said Tom.

"Oh!" gasped his audience, moved by mingled amazement and admiration.



"THE WAVES HURLED THEMSELVES FURIOUSLY AT THE LONELY TOWER."

for being so dirty. Baby Deb said "No doose!" after all the others were quiet.

That made them all laugh. No doubt they thought that, after all, so long as Baby Deb was there, it would be Christmas anyhow, goose or no goose. So they were happy for a moment, until the thought came that roast goose was good on Christmas even with Baby Deb; and then they looked dismayed again.

However, when Papa Stoughton explained how it was, they saw it as plainly as he did, and so they made no complaint. Only Tom fell a-thinking, and when the others saw what he was doing, they did the same; the difference being that Tom was trying to think what could be done to get the goose anyhow, and they were trying to think what he was thinking about, so that they could think the same.

All except Baby Deb, of course; who, being

Tom looked at them with great firmness and dignity.

"Ever since I was born," he went on, "we have had a roast goose for Christmas."

Ever since he was born! It might have been a hundred years before, from Tom's tone and manner, and the audience was tremendously impressed.

"And," continued the orator, "we must have one now. We *will* have one now."

They almost stopped breathing.

"I have a plan." They shuddered and drew nearer. "We all must contribute!"

"Oh!" in chorus.

"Do you want goose, Sue?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You, Sal?"

"Yes."

"Ike?"

"Do I? Well!"

"Sam?"

"Yes, sir."

"Me, too," said Baby Deb, with great earnestness; for it was clear to her that it was a question of eating, and she did not wish to be left out.

"Of course, you too, you daisy dumpling," said Tom. "Now, then," he continued, when order was restored, "what shall we contribute? I'll give my new sail-boat. That ought to bring fifty cents."

His new sail-boat! Why, he had only just made it, and had not even tried it yet. Oh! evidently this was a time of sacrifices. Who could hesitate now?

"I'll give my shells," said Sue, heroically.

"My sea-mosses," sighed Sally.

"You may take my shark's teeth," said Ike.

"And my whale's tooth," said Sam.

The sacrifice was general; the light-house would yield up its treasures.

"All right," said Tom. "Now let's tell Father."

And Father was told, and for some reason he pretended to look out of the window very suddenly; but he did not, he wiped his eyes. And Mamma Stoughton rubbed her spectacles and winked very hard and said:

"Bless their hearts!"

For you see these parents were very simple-hearted folk, and it seemed to them very affecting that the children should make such sacrifices to procure the goose for Christmas.

"And what does Baby Deb contribute?" said Papa Stoughton, by way of a little joke.

"I duss I's not dot nuffin," was Baby Deb's reply when the matter was explained to her, "'cept 'oo tate Stulpin."

Oh, what a laugh there was then! For if ever there was a maimed and demoralized doll, it was Sculpin. But Baby Deb was hugged and kissed as if she had contributed a lump of gold instead of a little bundle of rags.

Papa Stoughton and Tom were to go out to the main-land the first clear day to buy the goose; but—alas!—a storm came on, and they were forced to wait for it to go down. It did not go down; it grew worse and worse. The wind shrieked and moaned and wrestled with the lonely tower, and the waves hurled themselves furiously at it, and washed over and over the island, and no boat could have lived a moment in such weather.

If a goose be only a goose, no matter; but if it be a Christmas dinner!—Ah, then!

Yes, they had good reason to feel dismal in the light-house. It was no wonder if five noses were fifty times a day flattened despairingly against the light-house windows. Yes, six noses, for even Baby Deb was finally affected; and, though she did not know the least thing about the weather,

she, too, would press her little nose against the glass in a most alarming way, as if she thought that pressure was the one effective thing.

It took some time for Baby Deb to realize the importance of having a goose for Christmas; but when she had grasped the idea, she became an enthusiast on the subject. She explained the matter to her dolls, and was particularly explicit with Sculpin, with whom, indeed, she held very elaborate and almost painful conversations.

One thing became very certain. There was very little prospect of clear weather within a week, and it lacked only three days of Christmas. The others gloomily gave up hope, but not so did Baby Deb. The truth was, she had a plan; and you know when one has a plan, one has hope too.

Mamma Stoughton had only recently been having a series of talks with Baby Deb on the important question of prayer, and it had occurred to Baby Deb that the goose was a good subject for prayer. It was a very clear case to her. The goose was necessary. Why not ask for it, then?

The great difficulty was to find a secret place for her devotions; for the family very well filled the light-house, and Baby Deb had understood that prayers ought to be quietly and secretly made.

The place was found, however. Just in front of the light-house was a broad ledge of rock, generally washed by the waves; but at low tide, even in this bad weather, out of water. The other children had been forbidden to go there because it was dangerous, but no one had thought of cautioning Baby Deb. So there she went, and in her imperfect way begged hard for the goose.

Christmas Eve came and still there was no goose. Baby Deb was puzzled; the others were gloomy. Still Baby Deb would not give up. It would be low tide about seven o'clock. She knew that, for she had asked. She would make her last trial. She had hope yet; but as the others knew nothing of her plans, they had absolutely no hope. To them it was certain that there could be no Christmas goose.

Seven o'clock came, and Baby Deb crept softly from the room and down-stairs. She opened the great door just a little bit, and slipped out into the darkness. Really did *slip*, for it was very icy on the rocks, and she sat down very hard. However, she was very chubby and did not mind it. She crawled cautiously around to the big rock, the keen wind nipping her round cheeks and pelting her with the frozen drops of spray. She knelt down.

"Oh! please, dood Lord, send us a doose. We wants a doose awful. Wont you, please, dood Lord?"

Thud! fell something right alongside of her.

"Oh! What's dat?" she exclaimed, putting

her hand out. "Why, it's a doose!" she cried, with a scream of delight, as her hand came in contact with a soft, warm, feathery body.

She forgot to give a "thank you" for the goose; but she was thankful, though not so very much surprised. She really had expected it.

It was a heavy load for Baby Deb, but she was excited and did not notice it. She made her way into the light-house, and, step by step, patter, patter, she went upstairs and burst, all breathless, into the sitting-room, crying exultantly:

"It's tummed, it's tummed," as the great goose fell from her arms upon the floor.

Well! if you think they were not surprised, you know very little about the Stoughton folks. What they said, nobody knows. They all talked at once. But by and by, Papa Stoughton had a chance to be heard.

"Where did you get it, Baby Deb?" he asked.

"Why, I p'ayed Dod for it!" answered Deb.

"Paid Dodd?" exclaimed Papa Stoughton.

"Paid Dodd?" chorused the family.

"'Es," responded Baby Deb, convincingly.

"Dod—Ze dood Lord. I p'ayed to him. He sended it to me, dess now."

More questions and more of Baby Deb's explanations revealed the whole story. Funny folk, those Stoughtons!—but they spent the next ten minutes in wiping their eyes and hugging and kissing and making up new pet-names for Baby Deb.

Papa Stoughton did say to Mamma Stoughton that night, as they were going to bed:

"A wild goose. It was blinded by the bright light, and broke its neck by flying against the glass. And, after all, who shall say that 'the good Lord' did not send it?"



At all events, not a word of explanation was said to Baby Deb, and no one contradicted her when she said at dinner next day:

"Dod's doose is dood."

THE TELL-TALE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

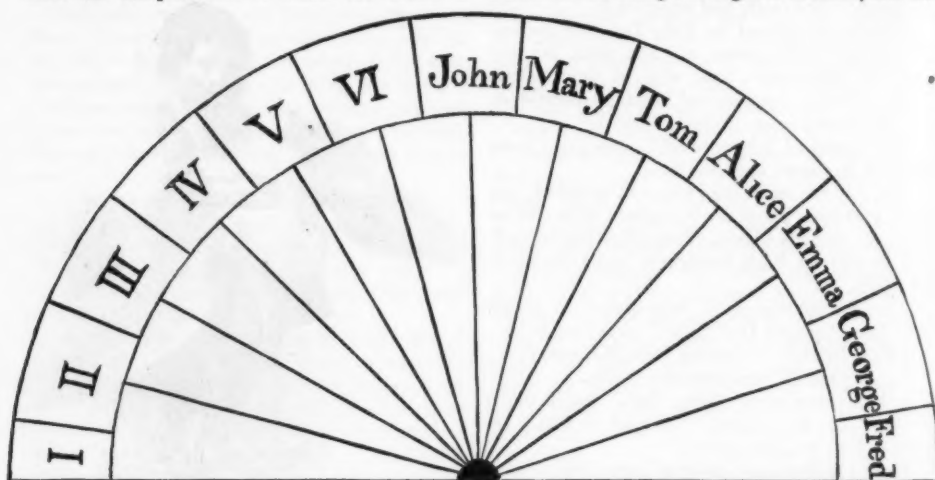
IT is a well-known fact that our muscles are more or less influenced, unconsciously to ourselves, by the thoughts with which our minds are occupied. Sometimes this influence amounts to what would almost seem an unconscious control by our will over inanimate things. An amusing experiment, which proves this and has served to pleasantly occupy many a long winter evening, is the little design on next page. For lack of a better name, we have christened it the Tell-tale.

With the aid of a pair of compasses or a pencil and a bit of string, carefully draw two concentric half-circles,—that is, from the same center, and one about a half an inch within the other. The size of the design makes but little difference, but the result

is more easily seen if the diagram is as large as convenient. Divide this double half-circle into a number of compartments, and in each place a letter of the alphabet, a numeral, or a name, as the fancy may dictate; the object being that there shall be no possible mistaking of one compartment for another. Rule straight lines from each compartment to the common center. Now take a small button—a shoe-button is as good as any—and fasten a bit of fine silk thread about eight inches long to it, making a knot in each end of the thread. Now let one of the party take the thread by the end, and hold it so far above the figure that the button shall hang about an inch and a half above the paper. Let him fix his mind

firmly upon one of the compartments, and then close his eyes. Very soon the button will develop a pendulum-like motion, and before long, generally in about three minutes, it will begin to move toward the compartment of which the holder is

pend a plain gold ring on a piece of silk thread in a common tumbler, holding the hand and arm straight, and thinking of a certain number. It is claimed that with the mind concentrated on such a number the string will begin to oscillate, and the



thinking. It really seems, at the first glance, that the button itself is influenced by the unconscious exertion of will on the part of the experimenter. But close investigation will reveal the fact that the hand moves with a slight tremulous motion, which, being transmitted through the fine thread, moves the button. Much amusement can be had by putting the names of people in the compartments, and then seeing of which one the experimenter is thinking.

Another experiment of kindred interest is to sus-

ring will presently strike against the inner sides of the glass the number thought of.

While these experiments are interesting and afford much amusement, it must be admitted that they do not always work as they should. It must be remembered that whether we accept the theory of involuntary muscular action or attribute the results to "will-power," or "animal magnetism," or "electricity," we are experimenting with forces which the greatest scientists have never been able to explain satisfactorily.

NED'S CALENDAR.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

WHEN the winter works its charms,
Frost-flowers, just like ferns and palms,
On the window-panes appear;
Snow-men muster, far and near;
And the river, soon or late,
Freezes for us boys to skate.

When the spring-time comes about,
Woolly buds make haste to pout;
Wind-flowers in the woods are blowing;
Birds have secrets worth the knowing;
And the wild brooks everywhere
With their laughter fill the air.

When the summer months arrive,
It is good to be alive!
There is little left to wish for;
And a sea of fish to fish for;
All the cherries, too, are prime
In the very nick of time!

In the autumn, hips grow red,
And the milkweed spins its thread;
Hidden nests all come to light;
Leaves and birds are taking flight;
And we hear Jack Frost astir,
Splitting every chestnut burr!

BABY SLEEPS AT HOME.—A LULLABY.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

With a rocking motion.

1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam, white with foam;
 2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come, on they come;
 3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,* Where they roam, where they come;

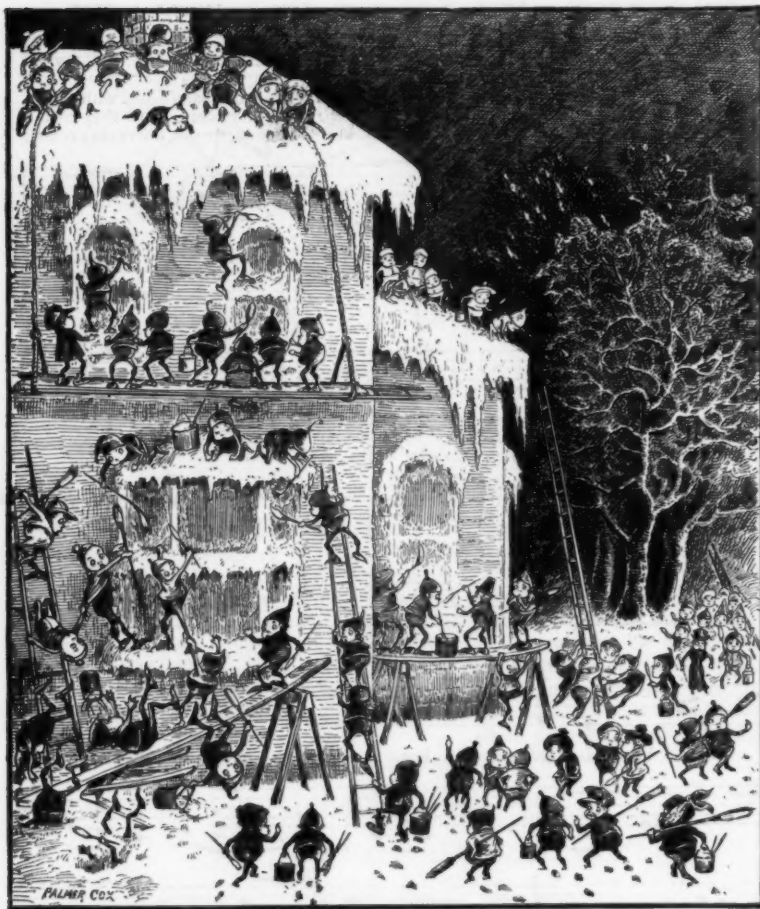
Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home,
 Broth - er seeks the wandering sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.
 Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.

Slow
 But ba - by sleeps at home; Sleep, sleep, my ba - by;

Sleep, sleep, my ba - by; Lul - la - by, my ba - by, My precious, my own.

* Hillocks (Scotch).

THE BROWNIES HELPING JACK FROST.

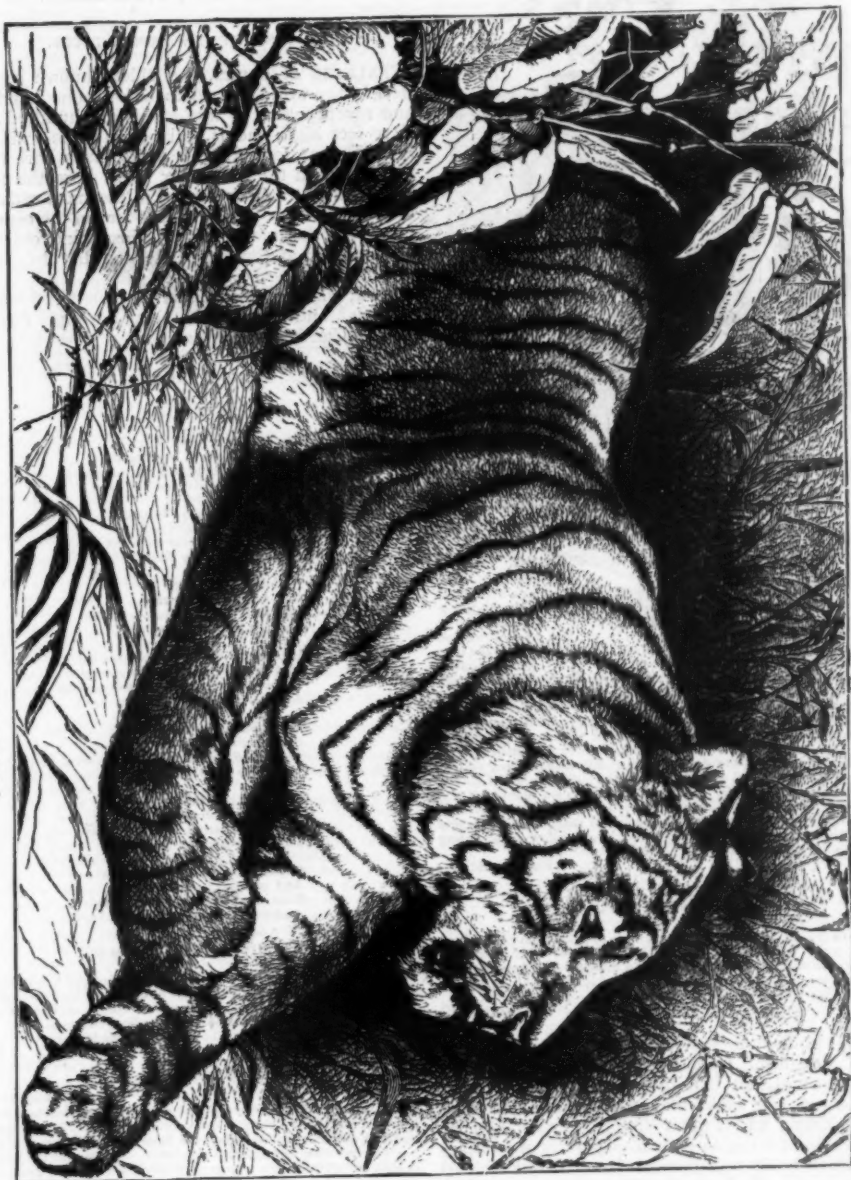


You all have seen in St. Nicholas the Brownies building; the Brownies skating; the Brownies sliding; the Brownies taking a ride; the Brownies on a balloon voyage; the Brownies going to sea;—and now the Brownie man shows us the comical little fellows trying to help Jack Frost make pictures

on the window-panes! These Brownies seem to be very hard at work, and very much in earnest; and yet the pictures on the windows do not get on very well. After all, Jack Frost can do his own work best. But Brownies are kind and full of fun, and so we always are glad to see them, no matter what they try to do. Look at each one of the little Brownies in this picture, and if one does not make you laugh, another will. Which Brownie, do you think, is the funniest of all?

Now, who can count all these Brownies?

OH, LOOK AT THIS GREAT BIG TIGER!





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HAPPY New Year to you, dear friends, one and all! And now let us see what Rob. G. McN. has to tell us in this letter about

HOW GEESSE ARE SENT A-FISHING.

DEAR JACK: I have just read in our weekly paper an account of how in some parts of Scotland a lazy fisherman will make his geese catch fish for him. And this is how he does it. He takes two or more strong geese and ties to each one, by the feet, a line with hook and bait, all complete. Then he goes to pond or river, as the case may be, and sets his geese on the water. "The birds, of course, swim out," says our writer, "while the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, where it is unhooked. The line being rebaited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try his luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of the day, the human fisherman having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds." Now, I have my own opinion of this kind of a fisherman, and knowing what I do of the satisfaction of doing one's own work in the sporting line, I really think the geese that swim the water on these occasions have a fellow-goose sitting high and dry on the shore. Yours for honest fishing,

ROB. G. MCN.

ABOUT LADY-APPLES.

DEAR JACK: Wont you ask your birds to tell us something about those pretty little lady-apples which are used so much about the holiday times? It seems to be almost a different fruit from the ordinary apples, and it has such a very fine skin and such lovely red cheeks that I think it well deserves its name,—don't you?

BESSIE G.

My birds tell me that the lady-apple is a very delightful fruit and often quite easy for them to find, but that they consider it something of a fraud, as it looks like an enormous white and bluish cherry and is not a cherry, after all. So the only thing for you to do is to peg away at your agricultural books and cyclopaedias. Better still, let those report who have seen these lady-apples growing. The dear Little School-ma'am tells me that she has gathered them many a time, but this is all she will say; and as she has been nearly all over

the world, it does not help us much. The Deacon tells me that they often are found in barrels, but we want to get only their previous history.

THE KING OF THE APPLE-TREES.

TALKING of apples, the oldest known apple-tree in the world is said to be over one hundred and seventy years of age. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, and is still bearing fine fruit. I am told that formerly five of its limbs bore fruit one year and the four other limbs bore the next season, thus "taking turns" in the most satisfactory and amiable manner; but that in the centennial year the nine limbs of this grand old tree all bore fruit at the same time, and that they have continued to do so ever since.

Now, where is this wonderful apple-tree? Who owns it? and exactly what kind of apple does it bear? Can any one tell me?

"IF"—A RIDDLE.

By W. B. C.

If all the sea were water
And all the earth were land;
The ships would sail on the ocean
And wagons drive on the sand.

If fire were always heated
And ice always congealed;
We'd burn up coal to warm us
And skate the icy field.

If vinegar were sour
And sugar tasted sweet,
The first would make our salad,
The last our tea complete.

If the stars could not be counted
And the sun were dazzling bright;
We would never know their number
And the sun would give us light.

If all the day were daylight
And all the night were dark;
Then men would work in day-time
And sleep until the lark.

If money purchased comforts
And gave its owners ease;
Then men would seek for riches
To spend them as they please.

If you have read these verses
And can their meaning see;
Your time has not been wasted
And you have guessed their key!

A BIRD WITHOUT WINGS.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I thought you might like to hear of a living curiosity that a friend of mine has. It is a bird without any wings! He is quite perfect, with this exception, and seems very contented and happy, as he hops merrily about the room.

Your constant reader,

B. D.

THE BLACKBIRDS' VISIT.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you about a funny incident which befell Mamma last spring. One stormy night, last May, Mamma was just preparing for bed when she heard a queer noise, as if some one was throwing dirt against the window. She opened the window to look out when in flew a large crow-blackbird; he flew around the room and landed on top of the book-case, and stayed there all night. He awakened Mamma very early in the morning with his efforts to get out. And out he went as soon as she raised the window. I am ten years old, and have written this entirely alone.

With love to the Little School-ma'am and yourself, I remain
always, your loving reader,

WADE W. T.

A PRUDENT SPIDER.

DEAR JACK: I wish to tell you of a curious thing I saw the other day. As I was walking in the garden, I noticed a pail which had not been disturbed for several days. It stood upside down, and on it was a flower-pot with the open part resting on the bottom of the pail. A spider had taken possession of it, spinning a web from some light branches to the flower-pot in the shape of a vortex, the point of which was around the hole in the top of the flower-pot, so that when there were no insects in the web, the spider could go down (through the hole in the top) into the bottom of the flower-pot, and so be out of sight and where no harm could be done to it by stones or sticks. Don't you think that this was an approach to reason on the part of the spider—his providing for himself a place that he could retire to with safety? Yours respectfully,

ALECK C. P.

A MENDED BUTTERFLY.

COLUMBIA, S. C.
DEAR JACK: I write to tell you about a little butterfly. When I was in St. Augustine one winter, a little butterfly flew into the room and then dropped down. Mamma looked at it and found that the wing was torn almost in two parts. She stuck a piece of the lightest kind of court-plaster on it and put it out of the window. It immediately began to fly away. I watched it until it became so small that I could not see it any more. I am twelve years old, and I take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

KITTIE D. TAYLOR.

THE ANT QUESTION.

HERE are some answers to the ant question in the November ST. NICHOLAS. I print Howard's letter first, because letters founded on personal observation please me best. Herbert's and Mary's letters, however, will be found interesting.

P. S.—M., Edwin Stanley T., and Sidney A. S. also send letters, giving substantially the same story.

CHELSEA, MASS., October 29.

DEAR JACK: In answer to G. M. B.'s query on ants, I can say that during this last summer I noticed a small ant carrying a dead one larger than itself. It carried it up a step a foot high and for about three feet on a walk, and then disappeared, still carrying its burden.

Ever yours,

HOWARD P. N.

118 GELL ST., SHEFFIELD, ENG., November 2, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In answer to a query concerning ants, in your issue of this month, I send you the following interesting account of this solemn performance, which was witnessed by a gentleman, who thus describes it:

"Two of their companions came forward and took up a dead body; then two others followed without any burden. Next came a second couple with another dead ant, and so on until there were about forty pairs. These were followed by an irregular body of some two hundred or more. Occasionally the two laden ants stopped and laid down the dead one, which was taken up by the two unburdened ones behind. Thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. Here they dug holes with their jaws, into which their companions were laid and carefully covered. A funny part of the funeral was the attempt of six or seven to shirk the digging. These were at once killed by the others. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it."

Hoping G. M. B. will see this, I remain, yours obediently,

HERBERT CRAPPER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., November 8, 1884.

DEAR JACK: In the November ST. NICHOLAS I read the letter from G. M. B. about the ant carrying the dead one, and I have tried to find out as much about it as I could; and from what I read I gathered that the ants often feed upon animals, and that they rendered "important service in clearing away every vestige of the flesh of dead animals", but it did not mention ants in particular. I also read in another place that ants "prey upon the flesh, especially the soft parts, of others"; and so I gathered from it all that, when an ant was carried away so, it was taken to some place to be eaten.

Your faithful reader,

MARY (aged 13).

What do you say to this, my friends? Have any of you ever seen a cannibal ant, so to speak; and especially a cannibal ant in the very act of eating one of his fellow-beings?

A LIVE JEWEL.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask some of your young naturalist friends to give the name of this beetle? I made the sketches from an insect brought from Mexico by a lady, who told me that it was not uncommon to see them "worn as a sort of live jewel," fastened by a pin and tiny gold chain to the wearer's dress, as represented in my drawing.

VICTOR.



The Little School-ma'am tells me that she knew a young lady in New York City who had one of these queer "jewels." Though the maiden probably would have screamed at the sight of any other beetle, she wore this pet specimen fastened to her dress in just the manner described by Victor in his letter. The beetle was of a brownish color varied with spots upon its back and head. The young lady was very much surprised to find that it seemed to live without eating, and the Little School-ma'am says that, although some uncommonly good eyes were kept upon him, and the beetle moved about slowly, he lived for months without eating a *visible* thing! Did you ever hear of such a case? And how do you account for it?

I should say, however, that the young lady's beetle was not luminous, or light-giving, as some of the Mexican beetles are. Victor does not tell us whether his beetles were or were not luminous.

A SINGING MOUSE.

HAMMONDSPOUT, December.

DEAR MR. JACK: I read in the November ST. NICHOLAS about a mouse that catches flies. We have in our house a singing mouse. Its song is something like gurgling water; and sometimes in the night he sings so loud as to keep us awake. He is very cunning. My mamma has a trap which sometimes we set to catch him, as it did not hurt him at all. He will run in the hole, and then he can not get out again until we open the door. The funny thing now is that when we set this trap we have no more singing till mamma takes it away, so we have given up catching him to sing for us. He does it better when he can choose his own time for a concert. I am eleven years old.

BERTIE ROSE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE title of Mr. Cheney's poem on page 171 of this number is sufficiently explained for most young readers by the poem itself, and no boy or girl who is acquainted with the qualities of bass-wood will fail to recognize the meaning of the term "Bass-wood Chaps." The bass-wood tree is the linden, or "white-wood" tree, and it is even called "pumpkin-wood," as it is very soft and white, and lacks the strength of the hard woods, such as oak and hickory.

Our apologies are due to two lady contributors for errors of oversight in connection with the poem, "Willow-Ware," which was published in our November number. The author's name should have appeared, in our Table of Contents, as Louise Trumbull Cogswell, instead of Louise P. Cogswell; and to the statement that the poem was illustrated by R. B. Birch, should have been added—*from designs by Jessie Lea Southwick.*

THE "Stories of Art and Artists" given in this number form only the first half of Mrs. Clement's paper on "Spanish Painting," and the second part—a paper giving an account of "Murillo and his Works"—will appear in an early issue.

It should be stated, also, that the engraving of "The Maids of Honor," on page 176, represents only the lower portion of Velasquez's famous painting, as it was impossible to present an adequate

copy of the entire painting within the compass of a single page of ST. NICHOLAS. But all the figures and the more important parts of the painting are included in the engraving. The omitted portion represented only the ceiling and the upper walls of the room wherein the great artist has pictured the Little Princess, her maids of honor, and himself.

ALL the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls who read last month Miss Edna Dean Proctor's brief biography of the Czarevitch of Russia will be interested in the following item, clipped from a newspaper, concerning the mother of Nicholas Alexandrovitch,—Maria Feodorovna, the present Empress of Russia. This item, however, appeared a few years ago, before she became the Empress, and while she was Czarevna, or Crown Princess:

"The Czarevna has four beautiful children—the eldest, Nicholas; the second, George, who bears a striking resemblance to the early pictures of Alexander II.; and two much younger ones, Xenia and Michael. She has accompanied her husband to all parts of European Russia, and has gained the affection of the people, particularly of the Poles. In the winter, at the Anitchkov Palace, she has an annual Christmas-tree; but it is not invariably the children of the nobles who are invited, but a number from the most squalid homes in St. Petersburg, recommended by some of the members of a society for the relief of distress, and these are always sent away with a good stock of warm clothing, as well as the customary presents."

THE LETTER-BOX.

LONDON.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you in for four years. I have a very jolly uncle, who sends you to me every month, at school. We all prefer you to any of the English magazines. I am twelve years old. We all want to hear some more about "The Dalzells of Daisydown." I am one of your faithful readers.

FLORENCE M.

Our little English friend will be glad to discover in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, "some more about 'The Dalzells of Daisydown,'" and we trust their adventures on an ice-yacht will prove as interesting as the doings of the young people when they were at Dalzell Hall.

ROCKFORD, WIL., DEL., 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a great many years, but I have never written to you before, so I hope you will find a place in the Letter-box for this. I have a great many pets, the nicest one being a pony, of which I am very fond. I have a beautiful home on the Brandywine creek, about two miles out of Wilmington. For the last ten years some of our friends have had a picnic on the Fourth of July on the grounds around our house. Everybody provides something, and my papa has a large table put up on the lawn, on which they spread the dinner, and altogether we have great fun. I enjoy reading your stories very much. I think the "Spinning-wheel Stories" and "Historic Boys" are two of your nicest stories.

Your faithful reader, LILLIE R. B.

PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have long intended to write to you and tell you how much I enjoy your delightful pages, but I have never done so before. I think the "Spinning-wheel Stories" are very interesting. In fact, all of Miss Alcott's works are charming. "Uncle Russell's Floral Letter" was very pretty. He must be a nice uncle. I think I have never seen a letter to the ST. NICHOLAS from so far north. We have very cold winters here, but the summers are pleasant. I love to read the letters in the Letter-box, and wish I might have the pleasure of seeing all the boys and girls. I send my love to them and to you, too, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I do hope you'll find room to print this letter.

Yours very truly, CLOVER.

ST. THOMAS, DAK., October, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see so many boys and girls writing to you, and I have resolved to follow their example. I would say, what a great many have said before me: "ST. NICHOLAS is the nicest magazine I ever saw." Papa liked the story of "The Tinkham

Brothers' Tide-mill," and he used to be as anxious as I for your magazine to come. I have no brothers or sisters to enjoy reading it with me, but my papa and mamma like it very much. I liked your "Floral Letter," but you did not print the answer in the October number. I think I have the answer. This is the first time I have written to you, and I have taken you three years. I think I will close, as you have a great many correspondents, I am sure.

Your twelve-year old subscriber, HELEN S.

HERE is a pair of letters from two sisters living in Montevideo:

MONTVIDEO, August, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have dolls like Kittie R—, but mine are all girls. My youngest is Lily; of course she is the most spoiled. She is four. Then comes Marjorie. She has just come from France. Then Violet, and then the oldest is Helen Edith. She plays the piano very well. I like the Stories for "Very Little Folk." I am not so fond of books as Maud; my pet books are "The Children of the New Forest" and "What Katie Did." I am a little Irish girl, but I don't remember Ireland nor England, because I have been in Montevideo so long. They all talk Spanish here. How nice it would be to hear every one talk English, as they do at home or in the States.

I am your friend,

MARY IDA J.

MONTVIDEO, August, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your book very much. I was very much interested in "The Hoosier School-boy" and "An Old-fashioned Thanksgiving." We live in winter at Montevideo; in summer we go to the sea-side, and have very good fun down there. I am six years old. We have a beautiful large azotea, which means a flat roof on the house, with a low wall surrounding it. We have pigeons up there, and there was a little ostrich, but he died; and we had ducks and chickens up there, too, and a great many bantams. The other houses here have roofs like that, but some little wee houses have slanting roofs. I suppose you have slanting roofs, like those in "Punch," and ST. NICHOLAS pictures. I did n't write this letter. Katen, my sister, did it for me, but I said the words.

I am your little friend,

ELAINE MAUD J.

WE must return our thanks for pleasant letters received from the following young friends: Helen Russ, Mary Russ, Sarah Russ, George Yost, A. Johannsen, Arthur C. Eddy, Ernestine Haskell, Genevieve Cummins, Lily P. Cobb, Mamie Hatcher Ferguson, Freddie H., Victor W. Ferris, W. C. S., Helen L. C., Willie Dulany, S. K. M., Belle, Melville F., Coralie N. Kenfield, Percy Weir Arnold, Jessie R., Bessie Rhodes, Miss K. Victory, and D. M. W.

AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—FORTY-FIFTH REPORT.

THE latest number on our register of members of the A. A. is 8099. The latest Chapter formed is number 730. Philadelphia has the honor of having formed a larger number of Chapters than any other city.

The letters of the alphabet have been exhausted, and we have begun again with "A" and "B." Chicago is not far behind, having a "W" branch, and New York has reached "Q." We record the following:

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
716	Deep River, Conn. (A).....	13.	John L. Dearing.
717	Geneva, N. Y. (B).....	10.	Arthur L. Hammond.
718	Milwaukee, Wis. (D).....	12.	J. C. Drake, 274 24th Street.
719	Philadelphia, Pa. (A).....	7.	A. N. Seal, 1418 Bouvier Street.
720	Prairie Du Sac, Wis. (A).....	15.	N. H. Burdick.
721	Philadelphia, Pa. (B).....	6.	Ellwood Carpenter, 865 N. 16th Street.
722	St. Louis Mo. (E).....	6.	Ed. Strassburger, 1316 So. Ewing Avenue.
723	Hopkinton, Mass. (A).....	5.	Geo. W. Chandler.
724	Jewett City, Conn. (A).....	35.	Charles E. Prior.
725	Colorado Springs, Col. (B).....	24.	Orlin Hemenway.
726	Millington, N. J. (A).....	22.	Miss Emilie Schumacher.
727	Milwaukee, Wis. (E).....	4.	Miss Agnes Lydon, 125 Huron Street.
728	Binghamton, N. Y. (A).....	5.	Chas. F. Hotchkiss.
729	Boston, Mass. (F).....	4.	Miss Alice D. Heustis, 20 McLean Street.
730	Council Bluffs, Iowa (A).....	4.	L. E. Empkie, 109 Main Street.

DISCONTINUED.

188	Newport, R. I. (A).....	F. J. Cotton.
489	Galesburg, Ill. (A).....	C. F. Gettemy.
490	Dorchester, Mass.	Miss Miriam Badlam.
550	Galesburg, Ill. (B).....	C. F. Gettemy.

REORGANIZED.

8	Philadelphia (A).....	4.	H. Crawley, 307 Arch Street.
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EXCHANGE LIST.

Caddis cases, for offers.—James C. Myers, Columbia, Pa.
California marine, land, and fresh-water shells, wanted in exchange for shells from other places. Correspondence desired with all interested in conchology.—Please send list to Thomas Morgan, Somerville, N. J. (Somerset Co.).
Rattlesnakes' rattles, minerals, and eggs, for minerals.—Charles T. Ennis, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.
Correspondence, with a view to exchange.—H. W. Fenno, Sec. Ch. 24, Mattapan, Mass.
Birds' Eggs and Minerals. Please write before sending specimens.—Miss May B. Ladel, Spencer, Mass.
Spathic Iron Ore, Serpentine, Petrosilix, and Starfish, for geode, trilobite, malachite, etc.—Miss Sadie True, Salisbury, Essex Co., Mass.

CHANGED ADDRESSES.

Please change my address from P. O. Box 1086, Norwich, Conn., to 65 Washington Street, Norwich, Conn. A. L. Aitken, Ch. 616.
Address of R. S. Cross, Sec. Ch. 601, is changed from West Point, Miss., to Purvis, Miss.
Secretary of Ch. 126, Geneva, New York, is now F. D. Reed.

NOTES.

146. *Largest Flower*—(a). In your report for October, I noticed the question, "What is the largest flower in the world?" There is a resident of this city who has in his garden a Victoria Regia, which is considered one of the largest flowers in the world. Its leaves are five feet in diameter. Last Sunday it was open, and there were a great many who witnessed the beautiful sight. There is also an old-fashioned magnolia, which measures almost the same as the Victoria Regia.—Alice T. Palfrey, 230 4th Street, New Orleans, La.

146. (b). In answer to the question "Which is the largest flower in the world?" I send a description of the *Rafflesia Arnoldii*. It is found in the island of Sumatra, growing upon the creeping roots of a plant known as the *Cissus liana*. Its flowers first appear as a succession of rough knobs, rising along the low roots of the *cissus*. At first as small as a hazel-nut, these buds finally reach the size of a small head of cabbage. The brown blossom bursts out with overlapping petals. As the gigantic flower (from twenty-four to forty inches in diameter) expands, the thick, pulpy, flesh-colored petals diffuse a repulsive odor and quickly decay.—Hiram H. Bice, Utica, N. Y.

146. *Flies*.—How do flies alight on the ceiling? Do they turn themselves over in the air so as to bring their feet uppermost? or how?

147. *Snails*.—Papa and I possess a "snailery," as we call it. We have snails in all stages of growth, from the spawn with a small dot in the middle, to an old patriarch that we have as school-master to keep the young snails out of mischief.

148. *Prairie-dogs*.—In answer to the question, "What is the food of prairie-dogs?" they live on grass roots. This kills the grass around their burrows, so that they are often compelled to move and dig others near fresh grass. The burrowing-owl takes possession of the abandoned holes. A pair of caged prairie-dogs were mixed on cabbage-leaves and corn.—Frank H. Wilcox, Parker, Colorado.

149. *Squirrels Drinking*.—Our pet squirrels (a red and a gray) both drink water. I wonder how wild squirrels can get water in winter!—Estella E. Clark.

150. *Leaf-rollers*.—I spent a whole morning, and many more might well be spent, in examining these strange insects. Some rolled the leaf, and ate all except the ribs and veins. Some drew the edges of the leaf together and ate them away. These formed trumpet-like houses of various shapes. Some ate out oval pieces from the leaf, and then crawled in and fastened the edges together. Others ate the leaf in long lines, forming curious patterns. All these specimens seem to have a liking (or a hatred) for the maple and the beech.—F. V. Corregan.

151. *Swarms of Archippus*.—One day in September I saw swarms and swarms of great archippus butterflies flying toward the south. At first I thought they were birds. I watched them for an hour. Some of them flew so high that they were almost out of sight. Do butterflies migrate?—Arthur Espy, Clifton, Ohio.

152. *What bird is it?*—Seven and a quarter inches in length; wing, three and three-quarters; bill, three-quarters inch; tarsus, three-quarter inch. Sides of neck and breast, yellow; a black line on throat from bill to breast; upper part of head, yellowish olive; back and wings, dusky; under part, dirty white; upper part of tail and tail coverts, yellowish olive; under part of tail, yellow; bill, sharp and nearly straight.—Frank H. Wilcox, Parker, Colorado.

153. *Dragon-fly pupa*.—I kept the pupa of a dragon-fly in a glass of water, containing a little stick on which it might climb out. It lived on flies, which came down the stick to drink. It remained just below the surface of the water, on the side of the stick, and when a fly came within reach it suddenly drew it into the water and devoured it.—Alonso H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.

154. *Katydid eggs*.—I watched some katydid eggs hatch. The eggs split, and the top opened like a cover.—G. Wilson Beatty.

155. *Plectrodera Sculator*.—One of our beetles (*Plectrodera Sculator*, Fab.), found by me in a log, is the first one found in the District of Columbia. It is a native of Texas.—A. H. S.

156. *Intelligence of Ants*.—I am no longer skeptical in regard to the intelligence of ants. In lifting a stone, a large ants' nest was exposed. I made an experiment. I laid a stick on some of the larvae, so that they could be seen, but could not be pulled out. After trying in vain to pull them out, the ants went in a body to one end of the stick, and by a combined movement in the same direction, pulled off the stick, and carried away the larvae.—G. W. B.

REPORTS FROM CHAPTERS.—FRIENDS.

653. Providence, C. We have increased from 3 members to 9. Our president has an enormous collection of minerals—about 1200 specimens. He has been collecting only a year and a half.—F. S. Phillips, Sec.

575. Spencer, Mass. We are doing finely. There are 15 of us, and all are enthusiastically at work. Our essays and talks have been so successful that we are going to have debates. We all feel that we are having a profitable and enjoyable winter.—May B. Ladd, Sec.

679. De Pere, Wis. (E). Our Chapter has grown so that we now have 16 members, and all seem to take a great deal of interest. We have been studying snails pretty thoroughly, and have found about thirty kinds from Foxshire alone. Next summer we intend to make excursions to all parts of the country.—B. L. Parker, Sec.

612, Urbana, Ohio (C). We have a growing and flourishing circle of little people, between the ages of six and fifteen, under the guidance of two faithful mothers. We have been studying the common things so essential to life and comfort, and of which we knew so little. Wood, coal, paper, salt, pepper, tea, coffee, spices, have a new interest since we learned of their origin and nature. We bid all our friends of the A. A. "God-speed" in the delightful work.—E. M. S. Houston, Sec.

256, Newton Upper Falls, Mass. In reporting for our Chapter, I have nothing but encouragement to give. We have increased in numbers, and our meetings in interest. Each member pursues his favorite branch of natural science.

At each meeting, an original paper, called *Gatherings*, is read, for the most part describing something actually observed by our members. At every other meeting questions are distributed, and answered at the next meeting.

We have visited the Agassiz Museum, at Cambridge, and now the Newton Chapters are planning to hold a united meeting.—Mrs. A. A. Smith, Sec.

314, Lancaster, Pa. We have taken several steps upward. We have adopted the scrap-book system spoken of at the Convention.—E. R. Heitshu, Sec.

601, Purvis, Miss. We have found by experience that a note-book is invaluable.—R. S. Cross, Sec.

564, Santa Rosa, Cal. Four of our members spent six weeks in camp by the ocean, last summer, and collected many fine specimens—for example: star-fish, about 150 specimens; 50 sea-urchins; 25 sponges; shells, about 225; marine algae, 500 specimens; insects, 550—total, 1600. Our Chapter is progressing, and we are now thinking of procuring a room.—Wilbur M. Swett, Sec.

136, Columbia, Pa. Our Chapter is in a better condition than ever before. After the vacation we reorganized, with the determination of making our society a success. We sent a committee before the school board to ask for a room. The request was granted. We collected a sum sufficient to purchase an \$18 cabinet and chairs for the room. We have twenty-three active members, all of whom are very enthusiastic. Our collection is rapidly increasing. We have a regular programme for each meeting.—James C. Myers, Sec.

THE SNOW-CRYSTAL PRIZE.

In answer to several questioners:

1. It is not necessary to give the exact velocity of the wind. State whether there is a violent, strong, or moderate wind, or none.
2. Instruments may be used in making the drawings.
3. Each competitor may send as many more than the required number as he wishes.
4. None but members of the A. A. may compete.

As an experiment, the reports given above have been drawn from my pigeon-hole quite at random. Can any one doubt, after reading them, that our A. A. is growing rapidly in strength and enthusiasm?

It would be an assistance in preparing our monthly report, if the secretaries would write their natural history notes, and the report of the doings of their Chapters on separate pages, following in a general way the models here given.

President's address:

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
Principal of Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When rightly arranged,—not in the order here given,—the initials, reading downward, will spell the name of an American poet; and the third row of letters, reading upward, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Consequently. 2. Makes smooth by pressing. 3. An insurgent. 4. A person—usually a mischievous one. 5. A cloth for wiping the hands. 6. One devoid of understanding. 7. Blunder. 8. To color slightly. BERTHA C.

CONCEALED LETTERS.

FOR YOUNGER PUZZLERS.



HOW MANY and what letters of the alphabet are concealed in the foregoing diagram? S. A. S.

SYNCOPEATIONS.

1. SYNCOPEATE a fruit, and leave to yawn. 2. Syncopeate food, and leave formed by education. 3. Syncopeate to weave, and leave a nail. 4. Syncopeate to fetch, and leave a vessel with two masts. 5. Syncopeate a piece of furniture, and leave a narration. 6. Syncopeate discovered, and leave capital. 7. Syncopeate oscillation, and leave to utter melodious sounds.

The syncopeated letters will spell the name of something occasionally seen in summer. PATIENCE.

CHARADE.

If from my first my second you take,
My whole you do attain;
If to my first my second you join,
My whole you have again.

W. H. A.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a couplet from Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

My 44-25-66-26-38-42 is gloomy. My 47-15-21-6-24 is to walk in a pompous way. My 64-34-11-59-70 is a young person. My 8-68-27-63 is part of a stocking. My 41-14-12-39-48-17-67 is a bed or layer. My 49-20-31-33-13 are troublesome to gardeners.

My 37-29-46-42-11-53-23 is to forbid. My 36-3-65-51-45 is a seat without a back. My 57-61-53-7-18-16-56 are rags. My 19-43-69-30-5-32 is one who gains favors by flattery. My 52-9-54 is a large body of water. My 50-35-62-60-55 is abounding with hills. My 10-40-28-2 is a small wind-instrument used chiefly to accompany a drum. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."

PL.

Smope, kile rustpice, rea fo tefidern torss,
Mose trefeb ta a snadice, stober earn;
Mose velo het kard, mose hoosec het searcelt tilgh,
Dan lydobl angelchle eth stmo clerpierg yec;
Mose sealep orf noce, mose liwl reevrof sleepa.

CAROLINE M. WHEELER.

EASY ANAGRAMS.

THE letters of each of the anagrams here given may be transposed to form the name of an important city.

1. Ipsar. 2. Donoln. 3. More. 4. Erbnil. 5. Damdir. 6. Noblis. 7. Yenkwor. 8. Amadar. 9. Pilroleo. 10. Vedren. 11. Tiasun. 12. Tatucalc.

J. C. H.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A CHURCH festival occurring in January.
2. A Sound in the east part of North Carolina.
3. To inclose within walls.
4. A feather.
5. To engage.
6. A single point on a card or die.
7. A word of negation.
8. A vowel.

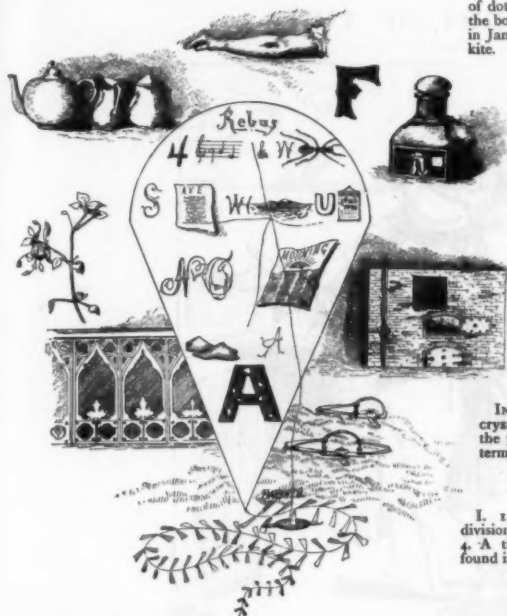
PENNYWIG.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.

THIS differs from the ordinary cross-word enigma by requiring two answers instead of one. The first letter of each answer is "In Nathan but not in Will," the second "In Walter but not in Bill," and so on until the two answers have been spelled. The first answer is a time for merry-making, and also the name of a play by Shakespeare; the second answer is a pleasant greeting.

In Nathan, not in Will;
In Walter, not in Bill;
In Stephen, not in Lon;
In Alphin, not in John;
In Fanny, not in Sue;
In Tina, not in Lou;
In Henry, not in Nick;
In Newton, not in Dick;
In Milly, not in Ann;
In Gertrude, not in Nan
In Martha, not in Poll;
In Chester, not in Sol.

CYRIL DEANE.



ILLUSTRATED KITE PUZZLE.

PLACE the names of the eight objects around the kite in such a way that the number of their letters will correspond to the number

of dots in the foregoing diagram. The central letters, reading from the bottom upward, will spell the name of a famous American born in January, many years ago. He is the author of the rebus on the kite.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE centrals, reading downward, name a certain kind of puzzles.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Problems. 2. Seasoning. 3. Era. 4. In cognizant. 5. The god of shepherds. 6. Attendants. 7. A gift. FRED.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

	5		7	
1.	0	.	0	.

3.	0	.	0	.
	6		8	

FRAME: From 1 to 2, a name by which the frost-weed is sometimes called; from 3 to 4, a storm with falling snow; from 5 to 6, a shop where books are kept for sale; from 7 to 8, nameless.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The name of a cold substance, crystals of which late in autumn shoot from the cracked bark of the plant named by the letters from 1 to 2. 2. To study. 3. To terminate. J. P. B.

EASY WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A color. 2. A regulation. 3. A girl's name. 4. A division of time. II. 1. To be conveyed. 2. A notion. 3. Beloved. 4. A title of nobility. III. 1. False. 2. Robust. 3. A plant found in warm countries. 4. To encounter.

"BLOSSOM" AND C. G. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

THE cross-words are of unequal length.

I. The primals and finals each name a philosopher who died recently: one an Englishman, one an American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To long for. 2. Fright. 3. A train of attendants. 4. An animal resembling a monkey, peculiar to Madagascar. 5. The edible roots of a creeping plant. 6. A place of restraint. 7. Release.

II. The primals will name the home of the philosopher named by the primals of the foregoing acrostic; the finals will name the home of the philosopher named by the finals of the previous acrostic.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fine, thin fabric. 2. A man of distinguished valor. 3. To surround. 4. Concise. 5. A dry starch prepared from the pith of certain palms. 6. A kind of duck. 7. One of the small planets whose orbit is situated between those of Mars and Jupiter. DVCIE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE. In hoc signo vinces (Under this standard thou shalt conquer). 1. Idol. 2. Nose. 3. Helm. 4. Owls. 5. sCow. 6. Isle. 7. mice. 8. oGee. 9. boNe. 10. roOf. 11. hiVe. 12. coll. 13. chiN. 14. chiC. 15. neE. 16. tarS.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Nativity, Yule-tide.

PECULIAR ACROSTICS. Christmas, Mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. beCalMed. 2. beHavIng. 3. caResSed. 4. priMaTes. 5. asSailEd. 6. caTerErs. 7. coMpuTer. 8. drAgOns. 9. AsSayErs. — CHARADE. Mistify.

BEHEADINGS. Alcott. Cross-words: 1. A-lack. 2. L-edge. 3. C-reed. 4. O-zone. 5. T-heir. 6. T-hump.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear. Answers should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, too late for acknowledgment in the December number, from Bella and Cora Wehl, Frankfurt, Germany, 6—Edward F. Milthorp, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Millie Ward—Harrison G.—Kathie Leets—Thomas C. Wilford—"Andrew Aguecheek"—S. N. R.—Maggie T. Turrill—Lucy M. Bradley—Fred Thwaits—Harry M. Wheelock.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from Blanche D., 1—James D. Sparkman, Jr., 1—A. and S. Livingston, 1—Gracie S. P., 1—Paul Reese, 9—Effie K. Talboys, 4—Will F. Lutz, 2—Bob Howard, 2—Hessie D. Boylston, 1—"Neptune," 6—Carrie H. Cooper, 4—A. L. Zeckendorf, 1—Willie Trautwine, 4—Harry G. Light, 6—Alex. Laidlaw, 1—Kittie Greenwood Darling, 5—Anna K. Bullard, 5—Albert J. Sullivan, 3—Nicodemus, 3—Vici, 1—F. W. Istip, 9—Hugh and Cis, 9—Ida and Edith, 6—E. Muriel Grundy, 7—"Rex and I," 1—Ida Maude Preston, 9—James Connor, 4—Willie Sheraton, 3—George Habenicht, 1—"Wanderers of the L. C.," 1—Jennie Balch, 1—Jen and Edie, 1—"The D. P. of the L. G. G. S.," 1—Alice C. Schoonmaker, 1.

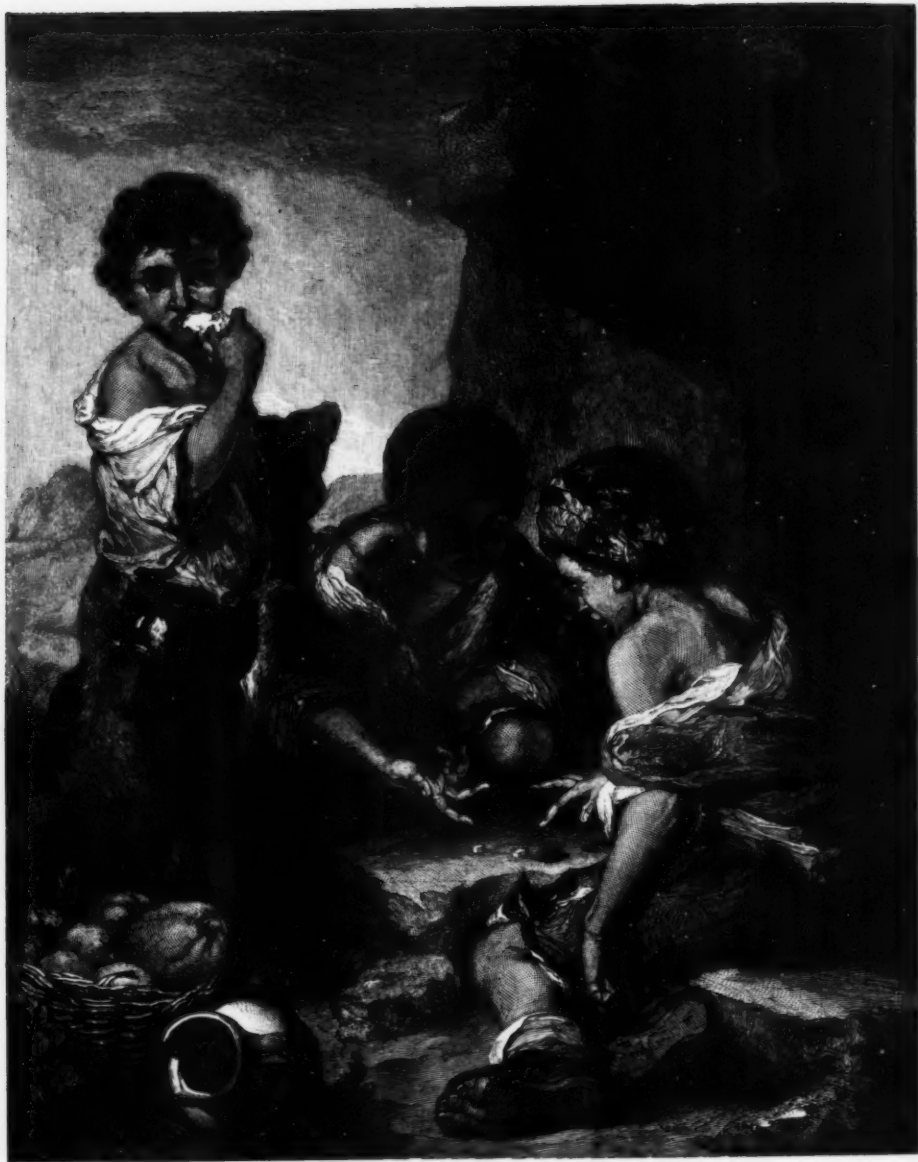
THE FLIGHT OF TIME.



UNCLE THEOPHILUS PHIPPS suddenly recollects "those four youngsters of Jack's," for whom he has done nothing for some Christmases past. Happy thought! He will send them each an appropriate present.



"THOSE FOUR YOUNGSTERS OF JACK'S" wish that Uncle Theophilus Phipps's memory was as good as his intentions; and little number five, whom Uncle T. P. has never heard of, thinks the world has all gone wrong.



BEGGAR BOYS AT PLAY.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY MURILLO.

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